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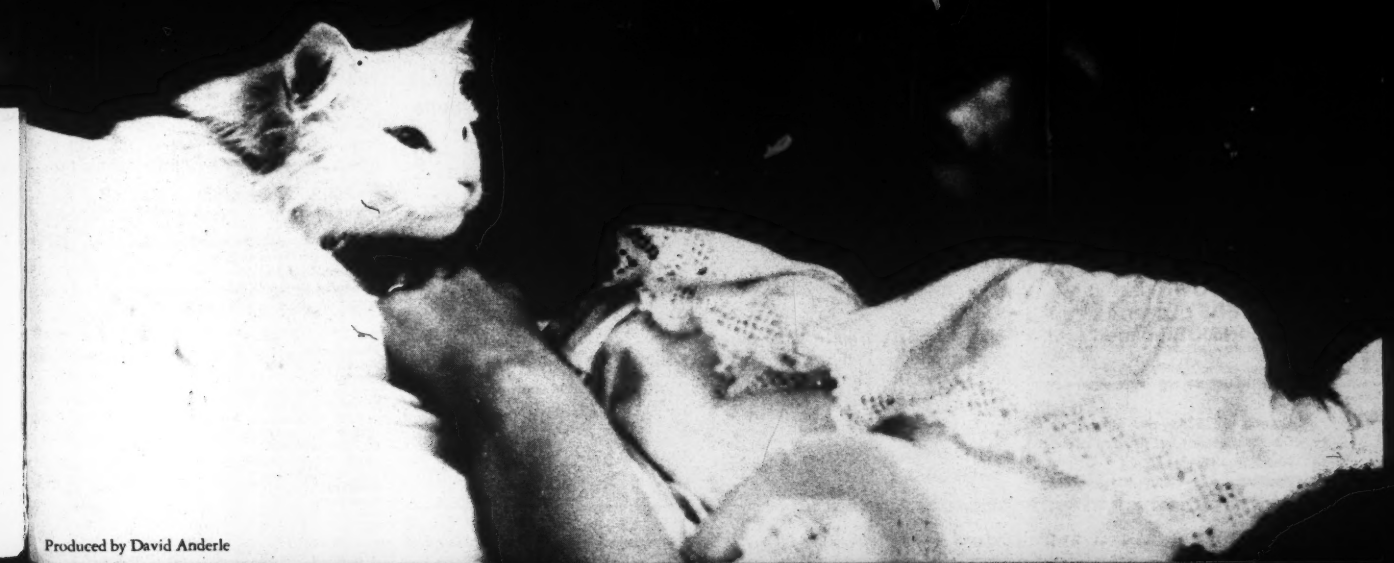

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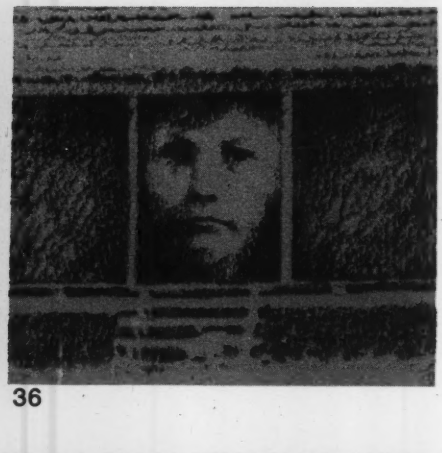

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TOP OF THE NEWS

Yes! We have no Maranas! *From the ashes of the Bay of Pigs disaster rose a splendid new CIA base outside of Tucson. The men who run it say they train forest firefighters, but they stand ready to put out—or start—brush fires of a far different order* **By Ronald Ridenhour** 18

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COVER ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH

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The illustration which appeared with "An orange tastes like Anita Bryant singing a TV commercial" in the last issue was credited to the wrong illustrator. Our apologies to James McMullan, who created the visual.

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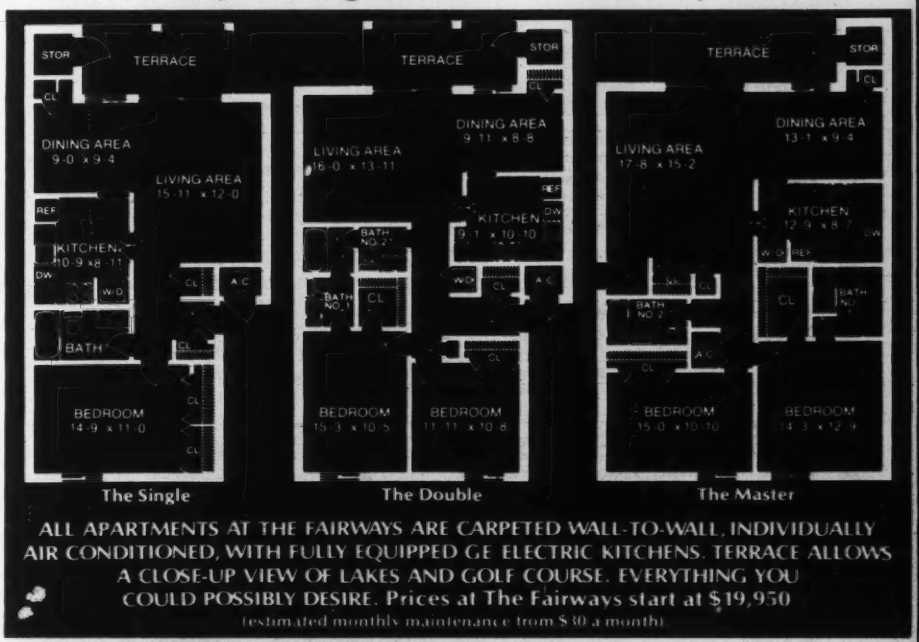

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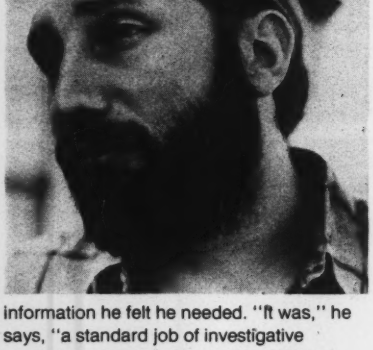
BEHIND THE SCENES

Ron Ridenhour, who wrote this issue's story about the CIA base in Arizona, first commanded attention not by covering news but by making it. In 1969, ten months out of Vietnam and a student at Claremont in California, Ron became an instant celebrity when the story of the My Lai massacre made headlines around the world. As the soldier who had brought the story out, Ron was the one legitimate hero to emerge from that horrifying episode in American history.

Exposing My Lai was no mean task. Ron had not been a party to the massacre itself—he'd heard about it from several friends who had been there—and it took him seven or eight months to track down all the



information he felt he needed. "It was," he says, "a standard job of investigative reporting, except that the circumstances were rather unusual. I was a combat soldier in a war. I had other things to do."

Once he had developed all the facts, Ron had another problem—what to do with them. "I knew I had to do something but I didn't know exactly what. Finally, I decided to flood the world with letters." He sent out scores of them, to the House, Senate and Pentagon, and after months of agonizing delays—and panic in the highest circles of government—the story finally hit the papers. The rest is, quite literally, history.

Ron, for his part, has very mixed feelings about the whole thing. "Obviously," he says, "in the final analysis there was a whitewash. But it is important that the story got out and that Calley was convicted. It's just that to place all the blame on this one guy is ludicrous. Now, I think he should be released."

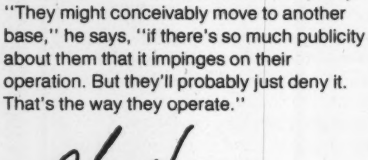
After he finished school, Ron returned to Vietnam as a free-lance reporter and ended up doing a lot of work for *Time*. His technique was simple—he hung around the troops and listened carefully to what they had to say. As an ex-soldier, he was thus able to get hold of a lot more news than reporters who attended official briefing sessions in Saigon. "Also," he adds, "I was a little more familiar with the system and had a better idea when people were bullshitting or outright lying."

After a year of reporting the war, Ron returned to Arizona, where he'd grown up, and enrolled in Arizona State University. Ron stumbled upon the existence of the CIA base in typical Ridenhour fashion. About three months ago, while traveling on a train between Washington, D.C., and Virginia, he overheard a commuter, speaking in hushed tones, alluding to it. When he returned to Arizona, he got on the case.

"The people at Intermountain were suspicious," he says, "but because they were posing as a legitimate corporation, they had to let me in. From there it was easy. I just went in and played it straight. By the time they found out I was onto them, it was too late."

Of course, the Intermountain people were interested in knowing just how much he had on them. "Yeah," says Ron, "they pestered me a little. At one point Polly, the public relations woman, called and said, 'Golly, gosh, I'm really interested in what you're writing about.' Well, she'll just have to read it in the magazine."

Not that Ron believes that exposing the base will have much effect on CIA policy. "They might conceivably move to another base," he says, "if there's so much publicity about them that it impinges on their operation. But they'll probably just deny it. That's the way they operate."



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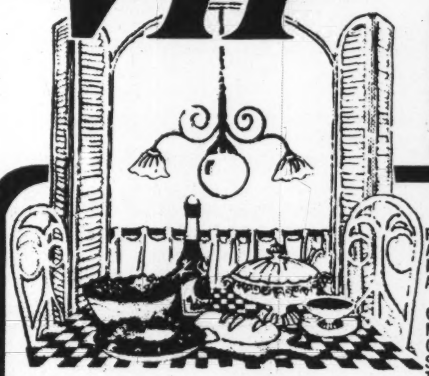

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Are firefighters sexist reactionaries?

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

Cities all over America, in response to pressure from gay activist groups, are moving in the direction of legally banning discrimination against homosexuals in housing, public accommodation and employment.

In New York City, the City Council narrowly defeated a bill called Intro 2 which would have amended the city's existing Omnibus Civil Rights Law to prohibit discrimination on account of "sexual orientation." Intro 2 seemed assured of passage until a heated opposition campaign was mounted by some Catholic groups, the conservative Council of Rabbis in Brooklyn and the Uniformed Fire Officers Association.

The Uniformed Fire Officers Association?

In contrast to all other unions, including even the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, which issued lethargic pro forma statements of opposition, the UFOA ran a costly newspaper ad campaign, sponsored a rally and spoke loudly to the press.

ARE FIREFIGHTERS SEXIST REACTIONARIES?

As an American I am of course getting somewhat inured to the crumbling of illusions, but my faith in the absolute nonpartisanship of firemen I was loath to relinquish. As Kurt Vonnegut Jr. had his favorite author, Kilgore Trout, say in *God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater* (he was speaking of volunteer firemen but it goes for the pros), ". . . they are, when the alarm goes off, almost the only examples of enthusiastic unselfishness to be seen in this land. They rush to the rescue of any human being, and count not the cost. The most contemptible man in town, should his contemptible house catch fire, will see his enemies put the fire out. . . . There we have people treasuring people as people. It's extremely rare. So from this we must learn."

Shortly before the Council vote I visited one Chief Jennings, the secretary of the UFOA, to find out why the Fire Officers had espoused a position which might inflame prejudice against an ever-unpopular minority.

What ran through my mind as we spoke is representative, I think, of one way in which men relate to this issue. I was wondering if he was wondering if I was gay. (I was pretty sure that he was pretty sure that I wasn't.)

Chief Jennings said that his organization, which represents the 2,500 officers who supervise the Department's 11,000 firefighters, objected to allowing overt homosexuals to be firefighters because they could not be accepted as part of the team by their fellow firefighters and would be disruptive to morale and discipline, and undermine the efficacy of the Department, and thus endanger the public. He stressed that he was not concerned with what

consenting adults do in private. "I have a high regard for those people. I just think they suffer from an affliction which I'm fortunate enough not to suffer from. If this bill is passed, we're condoning something unnatural," Jennings concluded.

Dennis Smith, author of *Report from Engine Co. 82* and an active firefighter, agreed that overt homosexuals "would be in a lot of trouble in the firehouse society," where firefighters work, sleep and eat in a "familial situation." But he thought that homosexuals posed no threat to the Fire Department, saying that the main problem would be that the gay firemen would be unhappy. "I think it's scandalous that the UFOA has taken up the leadership on this. It's one of the least important problems facing firemen."

Interviews with firefighters bore out Smith's views.

"We're not uptight about it," said one at an Upper West Side firehouse. "I don't care what a guy does at home. That's his business." Are there gay firefighters now? I asked a lieutenant. "If you mean 'are there any?'—sure. If you mean 'do I know any?'—no."

"Not knowing any" seemed the key to the way firefighters relate to the issue. The consensus was that a very effeminate gay or one who bragged about his sex life could not be accepted. "Let them stay in the closet," the burly "chauffeur" of a Greenwich Village engine company told me. "There may be a couple in this house, for all I know," one of his colleagues suggested, hypothetically, "but why should they wear a sign around their neck? But they want to be accepted, and maybe they're right," the driver added. "If they win, you're not going to have 10,000 guys going out on strike."

One firefighter said that he himself was strongly opposed to letting "queers" in, but that the UFOA was overboard on the issue because it was controlled by "ultraconservatives."

The secretary of the Gay Activist Alliance, speaking to me from their headquarters in an old firehouse, speculated that the UFOA's adamant opposition might stem from an incident a few years ago, when a present UFOA official got into trouble for assaulting some gay leafleters. He said that it was clear that the rank and file did not feel strongly about the issue. "I don't know any gays who want to be firemen who aren't firemen now. And I think the rank-and-file firefighters know that."

A firefighter summed the situation up for me. "There are good guys who are firefighters and there are pricks. It's the same with any group. It's the same with the gays. You've got the couples who really love each other, and then you've got the low-class kind. So you'd have to take it one at a time. There's a lot more important things for the UFOA to fight for than this bullshit."

Firefighters are not sexist reactionaries. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOS. A. SMITH

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The Sunstroke.

(Sometimes less is more.)

For a long time we clung to the notion that longer days called for longer drinks. That any suggestion we made for summer ought to be served in a tall glass. The neatness of that logic, we now realize, blinded us to its flaws.

What matters, obviously, is not how long a drink is, but how good. So before you pack all your stubby little glasses in mothballs, you might want to try a Sunstroke.

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LETTERS

Missed Connection

I just finished reading "The Irish Connection" in the May 17 issue. I think Robert Sam Anson has some hang-ups and guilt feelings that a good psychiatrist could help him work out. The not-so-subtle insinuation that the Irish keep others out of the structural Church is a lot of magazine-selling baloney. Both of my parents are from Ireland; I grew up in Brooklyn, and I am serving a mission parish in which almost all of my parishioners are Mexican-Americans. Nothing would thrill me more than to see more Spanish surnamed priests, Sisters, Brothers, deacons, etc. My Bishop (Jerome Hastrich) goes all-out to encourage local vocations to the priesthood. We have even opened two seminaries to help the boys who need more tutorial assistance. It will be a matter of time, and God's grace, and we will see more and more Spanish surnamed priests and members of the hierarchy. The Irish have faults, but laying this sort of discrimination at their door is a simplistic exercise in misplaced statistics.

Father Douglas A. McNeill
Thoreau, New Mexico

I read Mr. Anson's article regarding the exclusion of Puerto Ricans and other Spanish-speaking people in New York from positions of responsibility in the Roman Catholic hierarchy with considerable interest. Many of his points are well taken and it is an interesting commentary that only one out of 2,000 priests in the New York archdiocese is Puerto Rican. Because of the Church's unwillingness to open up, growing numbers of Puerto Ricans are turning to the Protestant faith. This becomes very evident when yearly fewer Puerto Ricans participate in the religious aspects of the San Juan Bautista Festival.

Herman Badillo
Member of Congress

A question of numbers

Concerning the article in the June 14 issue entitled "Remember Rubbers": we have conducted an informal study among male students at Union College (in Schenectady, NY). Our results show that 28 liters of semen was impossible to produce collectively, not to mention individually. There are currently 1,500 male students enrolled at Union. Is there any hope for us?

Concerned members
of Union College
Schenectady, New York
Editor's Note: not unless you increase enrollment.

I read an interesting article by Peter Ross Range entitled "Remember Rubbers" in your June 14th issue of *New Times*.

It was stated in this article that a condom must be able to withstand the pressure of 28 liters of water as a test by the FDA. I believe this to be impossible as it was tried in my home on a well-known brand of condoms and failed. We found that the condoms tested would hold no more than 19 quarts (or approximately 18 liters).

Furthermore, I do not understand what interest the Federal Drug Administration has in rubbers. Their test is absurd since there probably is not a man on this earth that ejaculates with the same force that is exerted by 28 liters of water—if there is, he must be the true "Superman." Why was 28 liters chosen to test rubbers? Who knows!

Lloyd Gaedke
Dallas, Texas

99.9 percent pure?

I am writing in reference to William Lazarus' interesting article "The Eyes Have It" (June 14) in which Dr. Frederick Davidson asserts that statistically psychology demands a 75 percent accuracy level for a finding to be considered reliable. The generally accepted level is 95 percent. However, with the far-reaching implications of Dr. Davidson's work, psychologists would be justified in demanding a level of 99 to 99.9 percent. Perhaps if Dr. Davidson confined his discussions to controlled scientific experiments rather than the anecdotal results presented in Mr. Lazarus' article, he would gain credibility within his field.

James F. Connors
Phoenix, Arizona

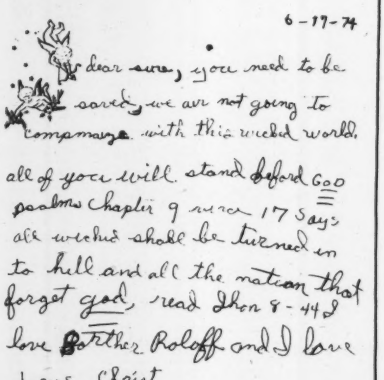
Sad ending

Well, by reading last issue's *New Times*, I see that another person has listed the magazines he subscribes to, while adding that only *New Times* is read cover to cover (along with *Road & Track*). So I might as well get into the act with a list of magazines that I either subscribe to or buy every issue of. 1) *Time* 2) *Intellectual Digest* 3) *Liberty* 4) *Playboy* 5) *Saturday Review/World*. While this list isn't as impressive as your past letter writers, there are those magazines that I used to buy or subscribe to (and again, not read cover to cover). These include 1) *National Geographic* 2) *Ms.* 3) *Mad* 4) *Saturday Review*. However, I regret to say that this letter will not have the happy ending your loyal readers had in their letters when they said that *New Times* was the one that was read cover to cover. Sorry.

Larry Gittleman
Long Beach, California

We get letters

When New Times *ran a story on Texas evangelist Lester Roloff in its January 25 issue, the reaction was relatively mild. Now, however, Roloff has decided to sue not only* New Times *but also five other news organizations that had covered this American original (he whips children for God). Apparently, Roloff has also put out the word to the faithful. Last week, five months after the story ran,* New Times *received 31 letters in defense of Roloff, three of them identical. We do not have room to print them all, of course, but herewith, in the original handwriting, a sample:*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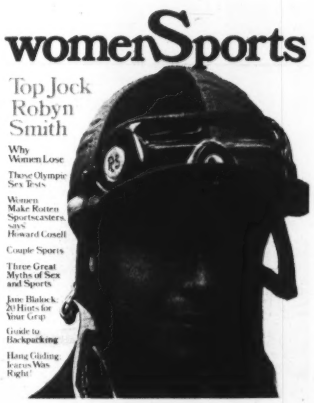
dear sirs, you need to be
saved, we are not going to
compromise with this wicked world,
all of you will stand before God
psalms Chaptir 9 verse 17 says
all wicked shall be turned in
to hell and all the nation that
forget god, read Jhon 8-44 I
love Father Roloff and I love
Jesus Christ

womenSports



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color, Gertrude Ederle, Donna de Varona, Australia, suntans, health, lady wrestling, wrist wrestling, laughing, wet suits, sports groupies, gambling, drugs, scores, records, statistics, humor, Olympics sex tests, Doctor Tenley Albright, men, jocks, slaloms, tournaments and you.

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Dear Editors:
Sounds fantastic! Especially that part about "couple sports" and "Olga Korbut." Also "machismo," "rolfing," and your backhand grip.* How about getting into things like women coaches and referees? And girls competing with boys in high school?

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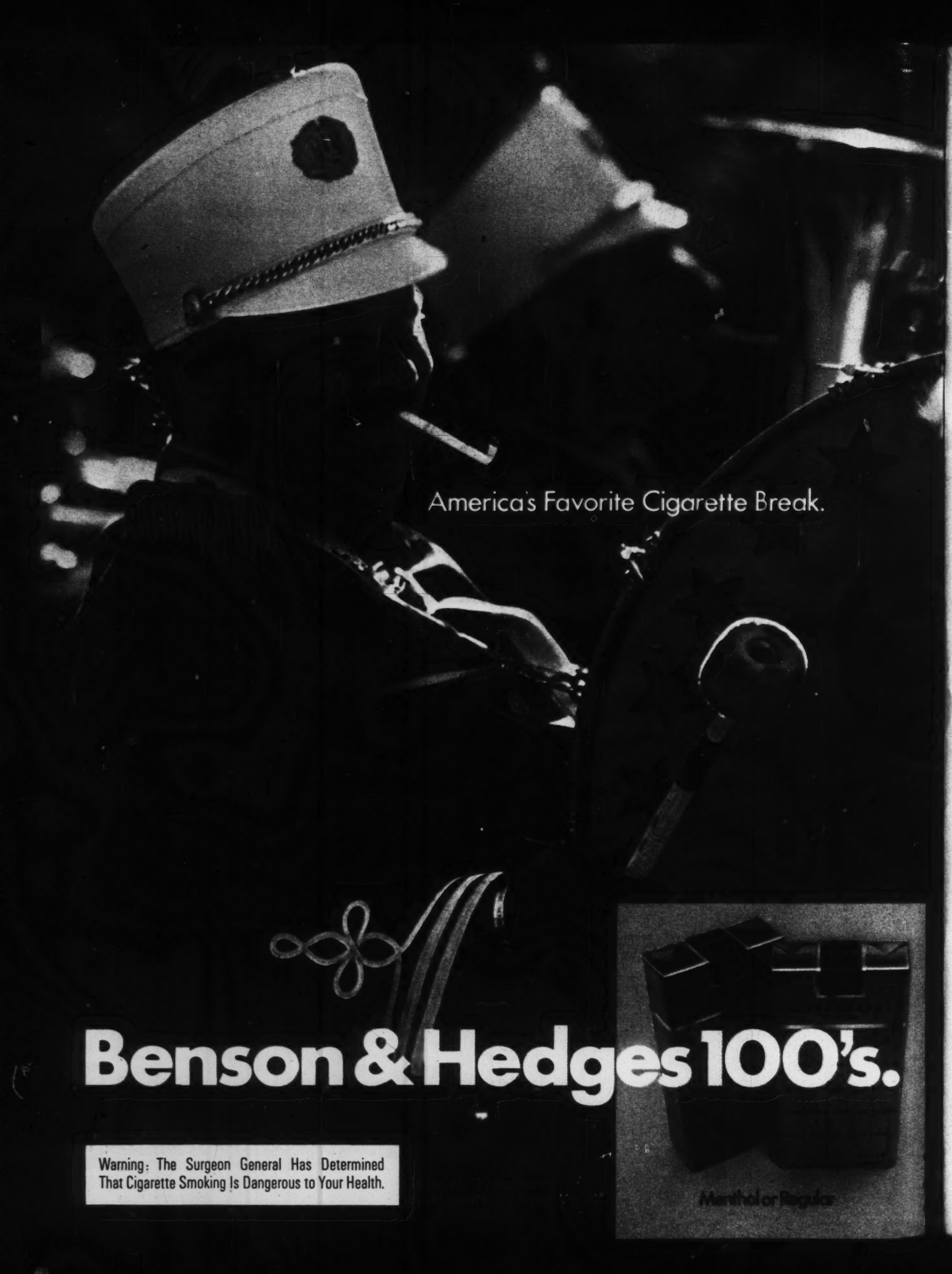
**Incidentally, what is the "basic woo position?"*

MG 266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Shirley Chisholm blocks a DNC-CREEP deal;
A low opinion from Supreme Court Justice Blackmun;
The guru experiences not so divine justice

THE INSIDER

POWER POLITICS

True or false grit?

If there was any doubt left about who Richard Nixon's surviving constituency is (last reported holding even at about one-fourth the country), the Williamsport *Grit*, a national weekly newspaper published in Pennsylvania, has cleared it up for us. The *Grit* recently polled its 1.25 million readers, most of whom hide out in the rural backwashes of the nation, as to whom they most admired.

Yessiree, right at the top of the list, edging out even Billy Graham, was none other than Richard Milhous. Kissinger placed third and the other winners, in declining order, were: Rose Kennedy, Pat Nixon, Paul Harvey, Oral Roberts, Princess Grace, George Wallace and, tied for tenth, Sam Ervin, Golda Meir, Bishop Fulton Sheen and Lawrence Welk.

What explanation can there be for this?

WIDE WORLD

Nixon: down-home appeal

The politics of nuclear power

Congressional observers are expecting a major battle over President Nixon's decision to give nuclear power plants to Egypt and Israel. Congress has 60 days to act on that decision and can stop the transaction with a concurrent resolution requiring a simple majority in both houses. Some heavy guns have already lined up against the deal in the Senate. Washington Senator Scoop Jackson has called the giveaway "the stupidest goddamn thing I ever heard of." New York Senator Jacob Javits, New Hampshire's Thomas McIntyre and Frank Church of Idaho have also expressed displeasure and will probably lead the charge against the deal.

Some, like Javits, will try to knock out just the Egyptian plant, but that move will almost certainly fail since it would disrupt American-Arab relations. If the move is to knock out both, however, the chances of a concurrent resolution passing are considered good. The problem with the White House position: Nixon and Kissinger failed to contact key senators and representatives before making the arrangement.

Shirley puts her foot down

As a result of the Watergate break-in, the Democratic National Committee sued CREEP for punitive damages and last month, after weeks of negotiations, reached an out-of-court settlement for a cool $750,000—on one condition. That the DNC get written agreements from all of its 1972 presidential candidates not to sue CREEP individually.

WIDE WORLD

Chisholm: no deal

DNC chairman Bob Strauss diligently went around and got signatures from McGovern, Muskie, Humphrey, Jackson and Wallace—he even had someone fly to Greece and get vacationing John Lindsay to sign. But then, at the last moment, unbought and unbossed Shirley Chisholm announced she wouldn't sign and blew the deal right out of the water. "I insist there must be definitive assignment of responsibility for this kind of conduct," she said, indicating she had plans to sue Donald Segretti.

The DNC, out $750,000, returned to square one in its negotiations.

The nouveau riche Democrats

Traditionally, the Democrats raise only about half the money Republicans do at congressional dinners. But not this year. The capitol's big spenders, wary

of Watergate, rechanneled their dough into Democratic coffers. Among the corporations who gave were Litton Industries, Raytheon, Union Carbide and Honeywell—all of whom have stuck to the GOP in recent years. The Seafarers and Teamsters unions, which have ignored the Democrats since 1968, chipped in $5,000 each, while the real estate lobby gave $20,000. It's not quite the same as receiving thousands of crisp $100 bills in unmarked satchels, but it all added up to the Democrats topping the Republicans for the first time in recent memory. Big political money doesn't dry up, it just finds another party.

Paper tiger

A few months back newspapers and magazines were sounding the alarm about George Wallace. Despite his pain and confinement to a wheelchair, the word was out that Wallace and his men were quietly organizing a juggernaut to snatch the 1976 Democratic presidential nomination—or barring the big one, to at least take control of the Democratic convention.

But so far, Wallace has been the big loser in the battle for delegates to the Democrats' mini-convention in Kansas City this December. Wallace was expected to control a healthy hunk of the convention delegates, as much as one-third the total by some headcounters' projections. Such strength not only would have given Wallace considerable clout in the Kansas City doings but would have allowed the governor to begin his drive for 1976.

With over one-third of the delegates selected, however, Wallace's efforts appear to have fallen flat. So far he has only 16 delegates in his pocket, losing seats even in home state Alabama and in Mississippi. And on top of that, Wallace recently lost a fight for control of the Alabama state party to a group which has never backed his presidential efforts. "The setbacks aren't fatal," suggests a party professional, "but they indicate the Wallace push may have spent itself after the campaigns in 1968 and 1972. Wallace may just prove to be weaker in 1976 than many of us thought."

Wallace: mini problems

The high and the pompous

U.S. Supreme Court justices have been known in their time to hand down some remarkably astute and learned opinions. Oliver Wendell Holmes, for one, added significantly to the meager body of American political thought with his sometimes biting, sometimes amusing, but always original opinions.

Today, however, the high court has reached something of a low point. Take, for example, a recent concurring majority opinion in the Howard Levy case written by Justice Harry Blackmun. Levy, as you remember, was the doctor who refused as a matter of conscience to train medics in Vietnam. The Supreme Court upheld his conviction 5 to 4 for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," and Justice Potter Stewart wrote the principal dissent.

Blackmun was apparently so annoyed by Stewart's dissent that he was moved to respond with what has to be one of the silliest opinions to come

Blackmun: not exactly eloquent

down for awhile. "My brother Stewart," Blackmun wrote, "complains that men of common intelligence must necessarily speculate as to what 'conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman . . .' really mean[s]. He implies that the average soldier or sailor would not reasonably expect under [this military code] to suffer military reprimand or punishment for engaging in sexual acts with a chicken or window peeping in a trailer park or cheating while calling bingo numbers. He argues that 'times have changed' and that [the military code] is 'so vague and uncertain as to be incomprehensible to the servicemen who are governed by them.' "

But, bellows Blackmun, "what is at issue here are concepts of 'right' and 'wrong' and whether the civil law can accommodate, in special circumstances, a system of law which expects more of the individual in the context of a broader variety of relationships than one finds in civilian life.

"In my judgment, times have not changed in the area of moral precepts. Fundamental concepts of right and wrong are the same now as they were under the . . . Earl of Essex (1642). . . . And however unfortunate it may be, it is still necessary to maintain a disciplined fighting force."

Blackmun concludes: "Relative notions of right and wrong, or situation ethics, as some call it, have achieved in recent times a disturbingly high level of prominence in this country, both in the guise of law reform, and as a justification of conduct that persons would normally eschew as immoral and illegal. The truth is that the moral horizons of the American people are not footloose. . . ."

Forget the fact that Blackmun never served a day in his life in the army. What bothers us is his cavalier use of the mixed metaphor. Footloose moral horizons?!

MEDIA

By John Leo

How now, Mel?

The *Reader's Digest* has decided not to run an editorial calling on Nixon to step down. The piece was planned but never written, and Melvin Laird, now of the *Digest*, is alleged to have nothing to do with the dropping of the plan.

Felker moves in at the *Voice*

Clay Felker of *New York* magazine staged a meeting with his new underlings at the *Village Voice*, soothing few feelings and resolving nothing. As reported here last issue, New York Magazine Company acquired the *Voice* in an expensive and intriguing deal that left *Voice* staffers anxious about what is commonly referred to as "the integrity of the paper." They are still anxious.

Felker refused to commit himself to extending the contracts of Dan Wolf and Ed Fancher, founders of the *Voice* and favorites of most staffers. Felker said he would have an office at the *Voice* and pointed out, some say rather gently, that he is now, after all, the sole head of the *Voice* on business and editorial matters, subject only to the board of directors. A hard truth.

The 25 or so *Voice* staffers had no objections to Felker's ideas for taking the *Voice* national or international, and possibly trying a Brooklyn-Queens edition. Felker did not definitely commit himself to these ideas, though two New York staffers say he has been talking a lot about making a run at *Rolling Stone's* national audience, as discussed in this space last time.

The staff is also resigned to circulation and distribution changes, and a new face lift from *New York* magazine's talented art director, Milton Glaser, who, in fact, began working on a new look for the *Voice* weeks ago and already has prototypes completed.

There were a couple of sharp exchanges, including one in which *Voice* anxieties about censorship focused on an assigned *New York* article by Adam Walinsky that was supposed to have been turned down by Felker as too anti-Lindsay. One side skirmish involves pressure from *New York*'s local distributor, Manhattan News, to make Felker turn local *Voice* distribution over to them. Dan List, an

JILL KREMENTZ

Glaser: laying out the *Voice*

independent who distributes only the *Voice*, says he is "not going to take this lying down," and expects the National Labor Relations Council to step in if Felker goes along with Manhattan.

Felker believes the *Voice* has peaked and is currently perched on a dangerous plateau, from which it is likely to be toppled through inflation and rising costs unless steps are taken. In fact, he told the staffers the *Voice* could be dead in two years unless it breaks new ground. No one yet knows for sure what the new ground will be or who will get to break it, but the chances of a staff walkout were considered higher after Felker's little chat than before it.

A case of chronic name-dropping

The New York *Times*, which is still getting beat regularly on Nixon-scandal stories by the Los Angeles *Times* and the Washington *Post*, usually is graceful enough to credit those papers when it finally runs their stories. Not so at home, where it is frequently beaten on local political scandals by the *Village Voice*, which it treats as a loud but minor annoyance, usually uncredited, no matter how big the scandal. Most of the *Voice* muckraking comes from Jack Newfield, whose existence goes unregistered at the *Times*. A week or so ago, his name was once again edited out of an article rehashing a Newfield exposé of a city bureaucrat vacationing in the Virgin Islands on city time and money. Others writers whose names seem to disappear from *Times* reporters' copy are Nick Pileggi of *New York* magazine and Nat Hentoff of the *Voice*.

You win a few, you lose a few

Now that money is rolling in, Washington *Post* Watergate-breaker Bob Woodward is being haunted by the ghost of stories past. The apparition in question is a libel suit dating back to Woodward's days on the Montgomery County, Maryland, *Sentinel*. Shortly before he joined the *Post*, he wrote an article for the *Sentinel* ranking the high-school principals in Montgomery County and finding one in particular "unfit to hold the office." The principal sued and, late last year, a county jury found against Woodward to the tune of $650,000. A judge later lowered the damages to $125,000, and now Woodward is appealing the case with a little help from Edward Bennett Williams, the *Post*'s number one lawyer. Woodward was never terribly concerned about the case, but now, with more to lose, he is more worried.

HEALTH

By Marion Steinmann

The six-day pregnancy test

What is apparently the earliest-yet pregnancy test has been devised by Dr. Brij Saxena and fellow endocrinologists at Cornell University Medical College in New York. The new test can detect pregnancy as early as six days after

conception by measuring a hormone called human chorionic gonadotropin in a woman's blood. Although still experimental, the test so far has been 100 percent accurate.

The more pain principle

Does acupuncture really work as an anesthetic? Or is its effect simply due to the power of suggestion? To answer these questions, psychologist W. Crawford Clark of the New York State Psychiatric Institute and anesthesiologist J.C. Yang of Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons recently ran experiments in

Acupuncture: pain reliever

which 12 subjects exposed their arms to radiant heat—sometimes with acupuncture needles in their arms, sometimes without. Each time they rated the pain they felt on a 12-point scale ranging from "nothing" up to "withdrawal."

Clark and Yang found that while "subjects experienced equal amounts of physiological pain in the two arms, [they] were less likely to admit that a given sensory experience was painful when it occurred in the arm which had received acupuncture treatment." The researchers conclude: "The dramatic role of expectation in studies of acupunctural analgesia [relief of pain] is revealed in the much higher pain criterion that subjects set for the acupunctured arm."

Children's diet borders on child abuse

Parents who feed their children so-called "vegan" diets (no animal protein of any kind, except for breast milk as infants—no meat, poultry, fish, cheese, eggs or cow's milk) run a real risk of stunting their kids' growth. In a study of the diets and growth statistics of 27 children between the ages of one and six, home economist Christine Trahms of the University of Washington in Seattle found that the 8 children on vegan diets all were well below average in both height and weight.

When Ms. Trahms presented her data recently before the American Institute of Nutrition, Dr. George Kerr of the Harvard School of Public Health stood up and commented, according to the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, "I think that when a child shows growth failure as a result of diet which was set by his parents, we should draw it to their attention so forcefully, that unless they recognize what they are doing, and the possible implication, then something should be done. If we don't see any change in their behavior, then we should consider employing the statutes of child abuse."

Sea cruise sickness

In the wake of an outbreak of food poisoning aboard the Norwegian-Caribbean Lines cruise ship *M/S Skyward* last June—in which 90 percent of the passengers and more than a third of the crew were sick—the U.S. Center for Disease Control in Atlanta has been reviewing the medical logs of cruise ships departing from U.S. ports, and also asking passengers to fill out questionnaires. The Center has found so much gastrointestinal illness due to poor sanitary conditions aboard the ships (affecting some 2 to 10 percent of the passengers, with the greatest incidence on Mexican and long world cruises) that masters of cruise vessels are now required to report all cases of GI illness to U.S. Quarantine Stations before arriving in U.S. ports.

On the way to a heart attack

Physicians have long known and been frustrated by the fact that many people having heart attacks delay for hours before they seek medical help. To find out what these cardiac victims do during this crucial period of time, a group of researchers headed by Dr. Arthur Simon of the University of Michigan Medical Center investigated several hundred patients admitted to a single suburban hospital over a year's time. Simon found that these people had frequently engaged in a wide variety of "inappropriate" activities—jogging, watching television, cleaning the house, taking cathartics or patent medicines, reading, bathing, grocery shopping, changing their clothes, cooking, sitting in front of a fan.

"The amount of time patients with acute cardiac emergencies spend before obtaining care," Dr. Simon points out, "may be decisive in determining whether they die outside the hospital or reach the hospital alive."

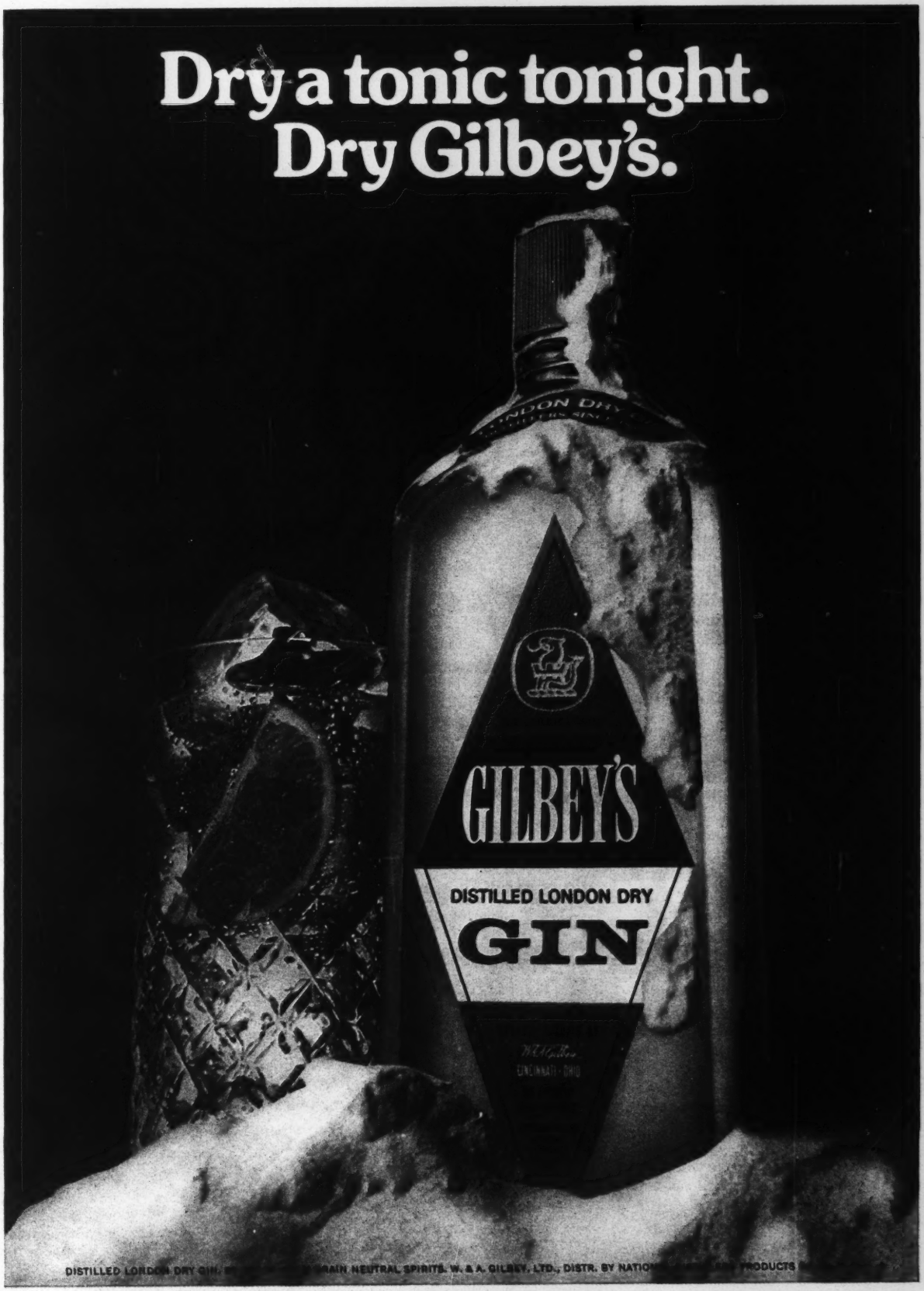
THE WORD

The fickle four hundred

Of course all the Rockefellers were there—Mr. and Mrs. John D. III, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence S., Mr. and Mrs. Rodman and hosts Rocky and Happy. Also invited were New York Governor Malcolm Wilson, former New York Governor W. Averell Harriman, General Alexander Haig, Clare Boothe Luce, Treasury Secretary William Simon and so on. The party, held at Kykuit, the Rockefellers' Tarrytown residence, was thrown in honor of Henry Kissinger's marriage to Nancy Maginnes, one of Rocky's longtime aides.

But as the assembled guests feasted upon borsht, cold medalion of striped bass, filet of beef Wellington and pot du creme and marveled at the gigantic hanging baskets of blue hydrangea and white wrought-iron carts of daisies and yellow rosebuds, a few noticed a glaring omission. Where were Marion and Jacob Javits? Well, as we reported last issue, it seems the New York senator and his wife are quickly becoming personae non grata in their old society haunts. Their swinging lifestyle, it seems, is just not acceptable. Sources close to the Rockefellers say the Javits were purposely not invited—despite their close friendship with Kissinger (Mrs. Javits decorated Henry's new office in the State Department). Said one Rockefeller friend, the Javits "wouldn't contribute to the tone of the affair."

Rocky and Kissinger: where's Jake?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Yes! We have no Maranas!

By Ronald Ridenhour

On August 11, 1970, a small private plane was spotted on the outskirts of Tucson, Arizona, flying at an extremely low altitude over the city's National Golf Course. After two passes at 500 feet, the plane crashed and exploded, killing both men inside. A tragic though hardly unique incident, or so the citizens of Tucson thought at first.

But the crash turned out to be anything but ordinary. The FAA, instead of sending local investigators, dispatched a man from Washington, who refused to comment on the crash to any of the local papers. It was discovered that the plane, an experimental model of a Beechcraft S-32, had been on special lease to the Univac division of Sperry Rand Corporation, yet Sperry Rand would say nothing, either to the press or the police. The plane had flown out of Marana Air Park, a facility of Intermountain Aviation Inc. of Tucson, yet Intermountain also refused to comment. As a result, the interest of Tucson's news media began to quicken. There was talk of a "secret military mission for the federal government," and even some speculation that Intermountain Aviation's Marana Air Park was actually a CIA base.

Officials in Washington, however, quickly passed the word to the local sleuths, both public and private: no more questions about the crash—the security of the nation was at stake. The resulting cover-up was the only window, and a very small one at that, onto the real activities of Intermountain Aviation Inc. since its inception in the fall of 1961, for Intermountain happens to be one of the CIA's major stateside bases; it, and "proprietary corporations" like it, provide support for the Agency's paramilitary operations, operations which have, in the wake of the Indochina War and the Chilean coup,

From the ashes of the Bay of Pigs disaster rose a splendid new CIA base outside of Tucson. The men who run it say they train forest fire-fighters, but they stand ready to put out—or start—brush fires of a far different order

come under intense criticism. Though ostensibly private institutions and businesses, these "proprietaries" are financed and controlled by the CIA and use their commercial and sometimes non profit covers to carry out clandestine activities.

"Intermountain," one former staff officer told me, "is no bush league operation, and you won't find bush league mistakes in its cover story." That is why the story has worked so well. As far as the outside world is concerned, Intermountain exists primarily to help train, supply and deliver the Forest Service's "smokejumpers," firefighting parachutists whose specialty is leaping into rough country from low altitudes to establish field camps from which remote operations can be carried out. The firefighting cover is vigorously promoted, Intermountain even going so far as to produce splendid motion pictures documenting the firemen in action.

But, as a quick study of Intermountain's annual corporate financial reports reveals, the cover does have holes, if you look for them. Beginning with June 30, 1971, and continuing for three reporting periods over two and a half years, the reports list exactly the same figures for all categories under assets and liabilities. This, to be charitable, is highly implausible. Taken at face value, what the reports say is that Intermountain did the same amount of business, down to the number of washers used, for three periods. Beyond that, according to the reports, the corporation paid no taxes of any kind to anyone during that time.

There are inevitably such slips in trying to sustain the cover story for such a massive enterprise as Intermountain, but to the CIA the benefits far outweigh the risks. If the U.S. insists on the capability for covert and guerrilla warfare, bases, both domestic and foreign, are essential. Intermountain itself can be considered the bastard progeny of one such operation—the Bay of Pigs. It was precisely to correct

ILLUSTRATION BY DICKRAN PALULIAN

the failures of the aborted coup in Cuba that the Arizona base was established. In their book *The Invisible Government: the CIA and U.S. Intelligence,* David Wise and Thomas Ross explain the causes of the Bay of Pigs disaster. The invasion, they say, originated as a plan to sponsor isolated guerrilla landings in Cuba which would evolve into a "pocket-sized invasion." By October 1960, high-level CIA officials decided to land a force of about 400 men on the island in late autumn to act as a "well-trained and well-supplied guerrilla unit."

The first supply airdrops to the unit began over the Escambray in November 1960, continuing through March and ending just before the actual invasion. Although the Cubans flying the CIA aircraft that made the drops thought they would be flying over friendly territory, they frequently encountered antiaircraft fire, causing some to conclude that the CIA's Cuban contacts were not what they were knocked up to be.

Forced to fly at higher altitudes, the planes were exposed to a much greater volume of groundfire and to the risk of considerable cargo loss due to wind drift. The windblown cargo frequently evinced guerrilla presence, pinpointing their patterns of movement, needs and sometimes intentions. Even when located, the widely dispersed loads increased recovery time, and thereby exposed the guerrillas to capture. Simply stated, the Central Intelligence Agency's inability to solve these problems was a prime reason for their failure to establish an anti-Castro campaign within Cuba.

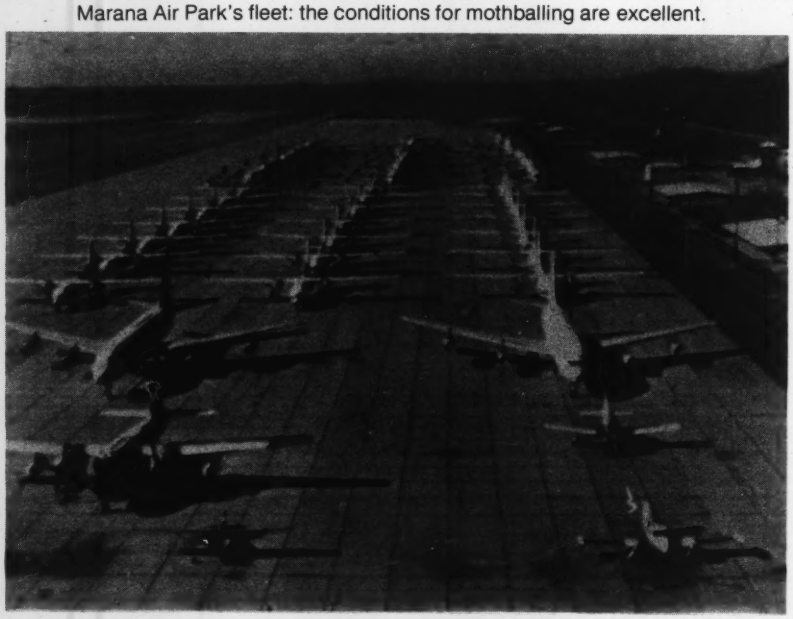
"Intermountain," says a former Agency staffer, "is no bush-league operation"

Enter Intermountain. During the November-March period, the Cuban pilots flying the Agency's frustrating resupply missions were given the telephone number of a man known to them simply as "Mr. G." If forced down outside Cuba, they were to telephone Mr. G immediately. Later, during the actual invasion, the CIA's top air operations adviser was a man known to Ross and Wise as "Gar."

Exactly who the mysterious Gar was has never been divulged by the CIA. But in what one is loath to dismiss as a coincidence, the head of Intermountain Aviation is one Garfield M. Thorsrud, known to his employees either as "sir" or "Gar." A former CIA staffer claims that Garfield Thorsrud set up Intermountain as a proprietary CIA corporation just six months after the Bay of Pigs disaster. Today, Intermountain's air service delivers what its promotion people call "Total Air Support For Remote Operations." These capabilities, along with a number of Intermountain's other research and development programs, are designed to solve the technical problems found insurmountable in Cuba.

The aviation corporation provides a service and maintenance facility for all sizes and kinds of aircraft, with an apparently unlimited capacity for the reconfiguration of airframe, engine, armaments, avionics, fuel, cargo and passenger capacity. The entire aviation service/Marana Air Park complex is considered by CIA watchers to be one of the six major facilities that form the backbone of the CIA's aerial fleet—one of the largest in the world.

Marana Air Park's fleet: the conditions for mothballing are excellent.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL FOOTE

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL FOOTE

Garfield ("Gar") Thorsrud, Intermountain's president: was he the top air operations adviser during the Cuban invasion?

Of course, the people at Intermountain admit none of this. Their cover story, in short, is that Intermountain Aviation exists only to train firefighters for the Forest Service and to provide associated flying services for the Department of the Interior. Indeed, the Forest Service contracts are so important to Intermountain's cover that every time the big contracts come up for renewal, CIA headquarters in Langley, Virginia, takes on a crisis atmosphere. The Agency has to enter competitive bidding just like everyone else. It worries them a great deal. They have an abiding fear that one day the XYZ aviation company will underbid them. If that happened, they would be compelled to pull the hidden strings at their disposal. It would be no problem for them, of course, but they prefer not to. It might be messy or embarrassing. So they bid very low.

Knowing that John Marks and Victor Marchetti were about to publish their book, *The CIA and the Cult of the Intelligence,* I called Marchetti, a 14-year Agency man who was the Assistant to the Director of Intelligence when he resigned from the State Department in 1970, to inquire whether he had made any references to Intermountain in his expose of the Agency's operations. "Intermountain. INTERMOUNTAIN! Of course. That's it," he said. He had been trying to remember that name for a long time (he had identified the airline as Rocky Mountain in his original draft).

"Yeah, sure it's a proprietary," Marchetti went on. "In fact, John Clarke told me once that he considered the positions of staff-officer-in-charge of Intermountain and chief of station in Johannesburg, South Africa, to be the two cushiest jobs in the CIA." Clarke should know—he was the former chief of the CIA's Planning, Programming and Budgeting Office. In fact, added Marchetti, Clarke liked Intermountain so much that he even talked occasionally of retiring there.

The charm of Arizona for retiring is not new to anyone. But the charms of an Arizona-based CIA airline are less well-known. For one thing, Intermountain is located close to the Mexican border, making it a good jumping off point for CIA operations in Central and South America. For another, it enjoys Arizona's quiet political climate, the state's easily managed moderate and conservative newspapers,

Intermountain extolls the virtues of its "motel" facilities, which are two miles off the road, are not marked by a sign and are open only about ten weekends a year.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL FOOTE

the defense industry's strong presence in the local economy and the area's cluster of like-minded military establishments.

Polly Terry, a tall, pretty blond lady dressed in spring green, had been Intermountain's public relations agent for only a month when she escorted me to Marana Air Park from Phoenix's Sky Harbor International Airport. Polly and her publicity campaign are part of Intermountain's move to deep cover. Her job is to solicit free publicity for the proprietary's cover operation, spreading half-truths across the land. I do not know if she knows the real story. In a way it does not matter, for that is not her job. She obtains her information directly from her clients, passing it on as gospel without bothering to check it.

Whether she knows it or not, Polly is a CIA "agent." Agents are people who work for the Agency on a contract basis, even though they may not know who their employer is.

The flight from Sky Harbor to Marana aboard an Intermountain Cessna 210 took about 20 minutes. The pilot, Dalton Livingston, was a former Air Force Reserve pilot from Birmingham, Alabama. Four American pilots died supporting the Bay of Pigs invasion, all of them former Air Force Reserve pilots from Birmingham. I doubt that it is a coincidence.

Livingston came in toward Marana over the top of Picacho Peak, coasting down to the base and then rolling in low around it, circling once to give us a good view of the dozens of airliners parked on concrete aprons. The view was right out of the photographs Polly had fed the Arizona *Republic* to accompany a feature-length story which had run in the March 31st Sunday edition under the byline of A.V. Gullette, associate business and finance editor.

There had been 90 column inches of it altogether, all of it singing Intermountain's praises, including a thinly veiled pitch exhorting the public's interest in Intermountain's potential as a hideaway motel. From top to bottom, it was the official story; according to the article, over half of Intermountain's business springs directly from contracts with the U.S. Forest Service. Included, of course, was the cover's official corporate history. The few inaccuracies in the story were not the fault of "Vince" Gullette. He did not write it. Polly Terry did.

But Polly omitted certain significant details. For instance, Intermountain's "motel" takes no reservations, is about two miles off the highway and has no sign posted. The cafeteria and bar are not open at all in the summer and in all other seasons are open only on those weekends when Intermountain's "convention facilities" are in use—that is, eight to ten weekends a year. Nor does it mention that the cafeteria and bar are only a slightly converted military mess hall—that is to say, they have changed the tablecloths, the wallpaper and the furniture.

A few minutes after we landed, Gar Thorsrud himself appeared at the edge of the airfield, hand outstretched. According to Polly Terry's biographical sketch, Thorsrud's association with Ma-

"Intermountain has the aircraft, the personnel and the experience to perform air operations anywhere in the world"—that's what its promo film says

At Marana Air Park, planes frequently stop by for a paint job . . . or a whitewash.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL FOOTE

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL FOOTE

A stored plane marked TAC COLOMBIA: could the words stand for Colombia's Tactical Air Command?

rana began in 1955, when he took his Air Force pilot training there. A few years later, it says, he was doing research and development work at Sky Harbor for Robert Fulton, president of the Robert Fulton Company of Newton, Connecticut. He heard about Marana, investigated and wound up renting space and eventually leasing the whole facility in 1961. It is all very neat and orderly except that, according to the Arizona State Corporation Commission, with which Fulton would have had to register, Fulton and his company did not do business in Arizona in those years, nor do they do so now. But there was no time to talk about any of that with Gar. He fled with Polly after only five minutes, leaving Jack Wall, Intermountain's vice-president in charge of facilities, to take me for a tour.

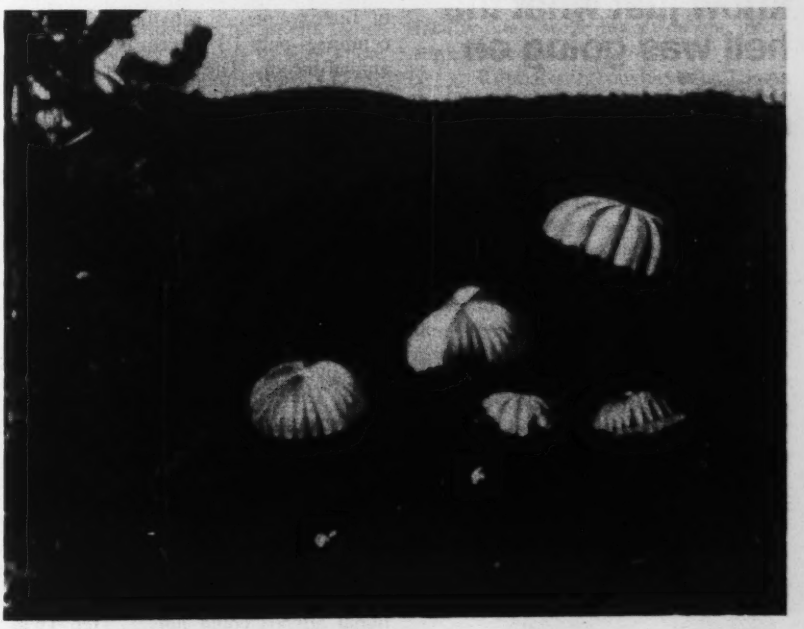
Jack led the way across 100 feet of open concrete to Intermountain's big hangar. Inside sat a "new" DeHaviland Twin Otter, a twin-engined STOL (short takeoff and landing) aircraft, ships Jack says are the backbone of their fleet. This one came complete with worn Spanish-language markings on the interior walls. The windows were still taped, protecting them from the fresh coat of white enamel recently sprayed over the craft. It was fresh from the factory, Jack said, stopping in the shop just long enough to have Intermountain's logo painted on.

A DC-6 sat on the other side of the hangar. It, too, was getting a face lift. Strolling under one of its big engines, Jack motioned back towards the smaller plane. "There are 4,200 hours between overhauls on these Twin Otter PT-6 turbines," he said, "where these DC-6 engines have 1,500 hour overhauls. The PT-6 is a hell of a lot more efficient. It goes a lot further on a lot less fuel with a lot less maintenance and a lot more reliability."

What Jack had not said is that STOL aircraft with just these capabilities have long been coveted by military and civilian intelligence agencies for their obvious potential in the conduct of clandestine activities. They can land with a full load in less than 500 feet in a forest meadow or a jungle airstrip.

The main hangar and two adjacent buildings also house sheet metal, machine, welding and avionics shops. Walking through, Jack pointed out the highlights—

The solution to the Bay of Pigs fiasco: Intermountain's precision cargo drop systems.



the paint room, the airframe materials inventory, the nuts, bolts, special aircraft tools. "This area is for the heavy aircraft," he said. "Then in the other hangar we have a similar shop for the helicopters and STOLs. We're pretty well rigged for most anything from the airframe overhaul end of things. I would say we are pretty much self-contained. We have a class four unlimited repair station certificate which allows us to do structural modifications on any type of aircraft. We can do jets right on down to the small things." Intermountain, through these shops, has the proven capability for complex airframe "reconfigurations," installation and repair of radar, infrared and people-finding devices, as well as the most complex trouble-shooting for avionics, including inertial navigation equipment and even computers.

Leaving the hangar, Jack took me down past the rows of airliners parked three abreast on Marana's concrete aprons. They are stored there to take advantage of southern Arizona's excellent mothballing conditions, especially the heat and dryness, the year-round flying conditions, Marana's seclusion and the low tax base—not to mention the security. There are only two access roads. They are stationed with security guards, and a third guard station is being built along the runway. Most of the aircraft belong to American commercial airlines like Pan American, American, United and Allegheny, or to corporations such as Howard Hughes' Summa and *Forbes* magazine, but Intermountain also stores aircraft from countries like Panama, Argentina and Colombia. Storage is easily the most visible of Intermountain's activities, even if it comprises only 1.3 percent of their total annual income. The reason for the additional guard shack, according to Jack, is their clients' fear of the curious citizens from Marana's convention facilities.

"What Mo Udall told them was that he didn't care if they had a secret base at Marana . . . but that he ought to know just what the hell was going on there"

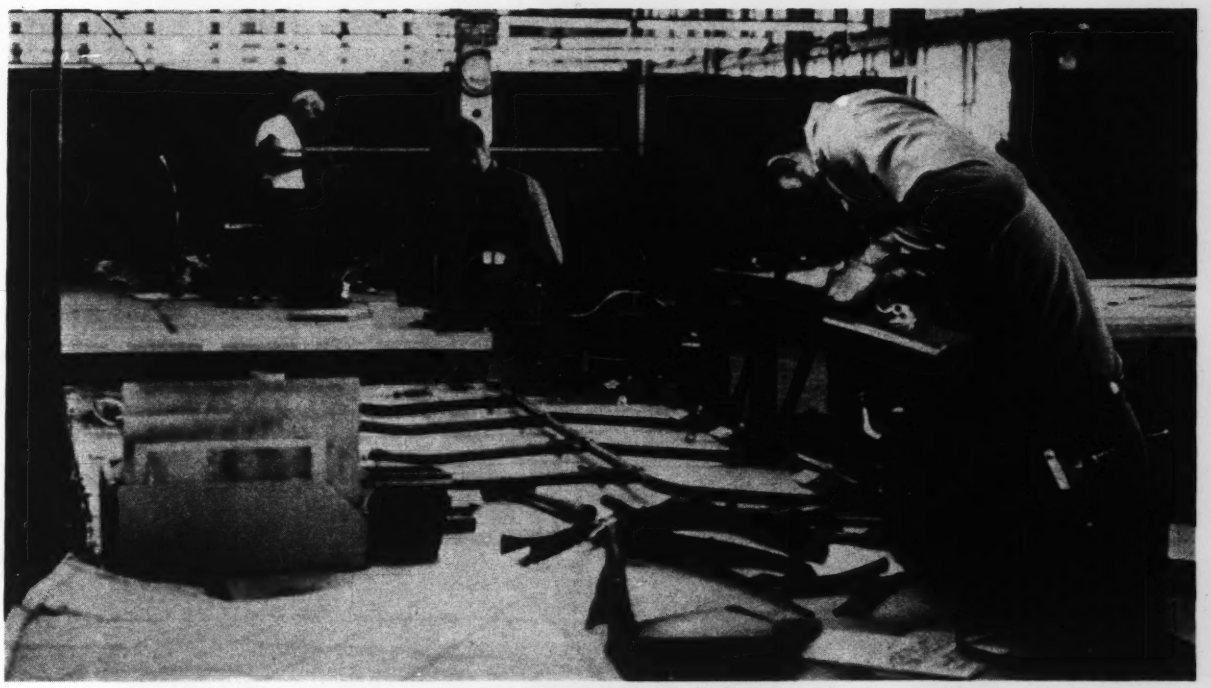
Jack then led me back to Intermountain's executive offices. He had two films to show, one dealing with the air service, the other dealing with the aviation company, both demonstrating the services supplied by Intermountain. The films are marvelously done in color, emphasizing the great natural beauty of the wilderness areas over which they are shot.

The first, the air service film, opens with an overhead shot of a DeHaviland Twin Otter, the aircraft Intermountain specializes in, and the only STOL they claim to use. The Twin Otter is shown winding its way down a twisting narrow valley filled with river. It is flying very low. As the soundtrack crackles along ". . . and can operate out of strips that conventional aircraft could not . . ." the Twin Otter swings abruptly around a sharp turn in the river and without warning sets suddenly down in a meadow amidst the forest. The meadow is barely a hundred yards long and there does not appear to be more than ten feet clearance between either wingtip and the forest: ". . . possibly use . . . the Twin Otter is a large airplane . . . gross weight of 11,579 pounds and can carry over 2½ tons . . . its reversible pitch props permit incredibly short landings even in rough terrain . . . rugged aircraft capable of operating from unimproved fields and all environments . . . high power to weight ratio and low stalling speed contribute to safe flying even in the most hazardous areas, and its two 650 shaft horsepower turbine engines are so quiet you can barely hear them approach. . . ."

The film grinds on, taking us through the rest of Intermountain's aerial stable, including a smaller STOL with a useful load of 2,300 pounds, capable of carrying nine passengers and crew. But the kicker, the detail that let Intermountain's secret out of the bag, is yet to come: ". . . For those situations where distances are too great, or loads are too heavy for helicopters and the sites will not permit landing by conventional or even STOL aircraft, Intermountain completes its air transportation array with aerial delivery capability. . . ." On the screen treetops are visible, seen through the rear gate of a C-7 caribou. The caribou is another STOL used principally by the American military for operating in remote areas, especially for support of guerrilla operations. The plane is no more than a few hundred feet above the trees when out the open tail door drops a line of parachutists. A classic guerrilla maneuver.

There is even more: ". . . has developed aerial delivery systems such as the side-door conveyor delivery system capable of dropping up to 8,000 pounds of cargo in isolated areas. . . ." On the screen appears a Twin Otter flying very slowly less than a hundred feet above a forest. Inside are two crewmen, plus a dozen big cargo containers loaded with parachutes and static lines and sitting on a curved roller conveyor leading to the side door: ". . . has achieved a high degree of reliability in dropping cargo and we support. . . ." The Twin Otter approaches a clearing in the forest, perhaps the length of a football field. The plane breaks over the clearing's edge, and the first cargo container goes out the door, with the others right behind it. As the Otter is cutting over the forest again, the clearing in its wake, a dozen puffy balls of cloth are left momentarily suspended behind it. Within a few seconds the first load lands in the

PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL FOOTE



PHOTOGRAPH BY DANIEL FOOTE

The corporation's shop: an apparently unlimited capacity for the reconfiguration of airframe, engine, armaments . . .

clearing, its parachute immediately caving in. All 12 containers are on the ground in the clearing in not more than one minute.

". . . Whether airlifting cargo over long distances, transporting personnel to a primitive area meadow, conducting a survey team to an inaccessible mountaintop or dropping men and equipment on an isolated fire, Intermountain has the aircraft, the personnel and experience to perform remote air operations anywhere in the world. . . . Intermountain's fully equipped FAA approved para-loft . . . also manufactures various cargo parachute systems . . . a parachute delayed opening system for minimizing wind drifts for high-altitude drops . . . patented by Intermountain . . . para-wing . . . for use with the Magnavox automatic homing system. . . ."

According to Jack Wall, the para-wing/Magnavox R&D program was shut down last year and declared a failure. The goal had been to develop a homing system that would guide a load of material dropped at 30,000 feet and five miles off center to within several feet of a bleeping "black box." When "abandoned," the program had been perfected to the point at which a load dropped from 7,000 feet and half a mile off center could be brought to within 200 feet of the black box.

Intermountain delivers all the services it claims it does for the public. In fact, it provides for its clients just about everything it provides for the CIA—minus, of course, the guns, the guerrillas and the people-finding devices. It is not a question of a separate reality. It is rather a question of a broader reality.

On August 20, 1970, Morris Udall, U.S. Representative from Arizona's 2nd District, in response to press queries from back home stemming from the plane crash, asked the White House about Marana's CIA status. In a letter to William E. Timmons, Deputy White House Assistant for House Relations, Udall said he thought "most Tucsonans are willing to be left in the dark about secret activities in or around their city" so long as they know their elected representative is privy to the information and has made judgments concerning the public welfare accordingly. "What Mo told them," says his longtime administrative assistant, Roger Lewis, "was that he didn't care if they had a secret base at Marana, but if they did he was the congressman from the district and he ought to know what the hell was going on out there."

A few days later an unidentified high-level CIA staff officer appeared at Udall's office. According to the congressman, the man confirmed that "there is classified work going on for the Agency at Marana." Udall remembers asking if Intermountain's Agency activities were aimed primarily at Latin America. He was told that that was not the case, that it "is just a contract point for outfitting and maintaining aircraft for the CIA generally." According to other sources, however, Udall was told that Marana is indeed a staging, training and operations base and that the CIA not only refits and modifies aircraft there, but also flies missions directly from Marana into other countries.

After the Agency's visit to his office, Udall discussed the interview with the editors who had submitted the original queries, leaving them "with the responsibility of deciding what should be reported in the general interest." He also left them, however, with the CIA staff officer's parting shot, "If we have to close down the facility there, we'll just set up one like it somewhere else."

It apparently convinced the Tucson media. They did not pursue the matter. No further stories on the CIA's activities at Marana ever again appeared in the Tucson press.

Mo Udall, for his part, now considers the Agency's Marana facility "a badly needed economic shot in the arm" for his constituency. "Everybody knows there is a CIA and it carries on worldwide activities," he says, "and some of these activities certainly demand the kind of plane support which results in contracts like those awarded to Marana." He pauses. "No one really likes the kind of clandestine activities engaged in by our intelligence agencies. But, in all honesty, I cannot foresee how we can do without legitimate intelligence work in these perilous times. And since they must be done, I'm happy that some economic benefits accrue to southern Arizona." ●

Henry and the Plumbers

By Nick Thimmesch

The scene has become all too familiar: a terrorist threatens to blow up a small piece of the world—a packed plane, a hostage, a school, a bank—unless certain demands are met—for ransom, for the release of prisoners, for free food. Only this time it was none other than Henry Kissinger himself, coming on like Cinque or a Palestinian commando. His demand: total absolution, retroactive and in perpetuity, for any and all Watergate sins. His hostage: the fragile peace agreements he has put together around the world.

As Kissinger well knows, the conventional wisdom in Washington now sees him as the only trump card the Nixon administration has left. He is the indispensable man, without whom the stock market would crash, the economy would deteriorate, the Mideast would blow up and the Cold War would resume. Thus his threat to resign unless his demand for ideal working conditions are met seems to fall somewhere between glorious bluff and borderline blackmail.

But upon closer inspection, it turns out that resignation threats are almost as frequent for Kissinger as sneezing fits. He threatened to resign several times when working for Rockefeller, and once Rocky even accepted his resignation (Kissinger was back at work a few months later); when the wiretapping story first broke in May 1973, General Alexander Haig told me, "Henry will resign if you fellows continue to write about him like this"; and in the fall of 1973, Kissinger told congressmen traveling aboard his plane that he would resign if Nixon were impeached.

But Salzburg was altogether different, both in tone and approach. It was a threat made with tears, and before the world. The very hysteria of it suggested that this time Henry's own hide was on the line. The very fact that he protested too much reinforced the suspicions that had led Kissinger to those Salzburg microphones in the first place—that the Secretary of State was somehow more involved in Watergate than had at first been presumed.

If the Plumbers were still operative, they would have a new job: to fix all the leaks in Kissinger's testimony

For the moment, the focus remains on those wiretaps, and on Kissinger's testimony about them before the Senate. Arguments over Kissinger's guilt or innocence currently tend toward semantics—the definition of the word "initiate," or the finer points of perjury. Kissinger himself tried to limit the scope of the central question the other week. "The only thing at issue," he said, "is whether I deliberately lied about knowing about the existence of an organization, the substance of which, by common agreement, I had nothing to do with."

But ultimately, another issue, that of Kissinger's relationship to the Plumbers Unit, may prove larger than that. When one examines the origins of the Plumbers, and in particular Kissinger's close personal relationship with one of their leaders, it appears improbable that Kissinger could have been as deaf, dumb and blind as he claims. On the contrary, it is easy to create scenarios in which Henry himself precipitated the Plumbers Unit and helped in its formation.

The Plumbers honcho was John Ehrlichman, then presidential assistant in charge of domestic affairs. But the day-to-day Chief Plumbers were Egil Krogh, and David R. Young, for 18 months Kissinger's appointments secretary and Boy Friday before getting himself loaned to Ehrlichman.

Kissinger and Young, who has lately achieved a bit of notoriety on his own, go quite a ways back together. They met when Young, a member of the New York law firm of Milbank-Tweed, moved uptown to work for the Rockefeller Brothers in an office at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. His job there was to assist Nancy Maginnes—now Mrs. Kissinger—in foreign policy research for Nelson Rockefeller, as always readying himself for another run at the presidency (1968). The girl Young was to marry, Susie Kelley, also worked there. And so did Henry Kissinger.

Rockefeller employees, well-paid and happy, have traditionally come to think of themselves as members of a family, and so it was with David and Nancy

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

Nick Thimmesch is a Washington-based syndicated columnist.

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL NELSON

and Susie and Henry. When David and Susie were married, Nancy Maginnes and Henry Kissinger were there. Kissinger has always homed toward WASP-establishment types, and the Youngs fit the mold to a tee.

"When I came to Washington," Kissinger testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "I was looking for a man of high moral standards, whom I knew personally, who could work as a personal assistant and appointments secretary. David Young worked in that capacity. He was very highly recommended. I also knew his family, and I thought extremely highly of him. And I must say that in my own experience, I never had any reason to change my mind."

Young had been an associate at Milbank-Tweed for five years. He had studied at Oxford in England and had received his law degree from Cornell University. At age 32 he was considered an excellent prospect for a partnership one day. But Kissinger impressed on Young his great need for him, so Young came to Washington in January 1970 to begin new duties and to extend their relationship, one wherein Young was quite submissive to Kissinger. David and Susie bought a smart little home on Foxhall Road, not far from Nelson Rockefeller's large home—a toney neighborhood, indeed.

The Youngs entertained often, and Kissinger was sometimes a guest. Though Kissinger would yell at Young in the office, and require him to work extraordinarily long hours, the social relationship was maintained. Indeed, Susie Young volunteered to do Kissinger's laundry, for he was a bachelor and had that problem.

As appointments secretary from January 1970 through January 1971, Young set up Kissinger's schedule, arranged appointments, screened materials Kissinger should see. After a year, friendship or no, Young was weary, and while he loved national security work, he wanted to be out from under Kissinger's domination.

In the spring of 1971, Young went to work in the files of the National Security Council, thus leaving his close-up post with Kissinger. Kissinger explained, under oath, that Young left for "practical and I suppose psychological reasons," adding that, "He accompanied me occasionally to meetings, but basically he was no longer working in my outer office. . . ."

In the summer of 1971, Daniel Ellsberg, once associated with Kissinger but by then a name the Secretary uttered as an expletive, did his Pentagon Papers number. Nixon and Kissinger were furious. For the Administration to learn that 47 volumes and 7,000 pages had been taken from the Departments of State and Defense and the CIA, plus thousands of pages of other material, was an event conducive to apoplexy.

Nixon has since publicly stated that within one week of the publication of the Pentagon Papers in the New York *Times*, "I approved the creation of a Special Investigations Unit within the White House"—which later came to be known as the Plumbers. Ehrlichman, Krogh and Young, plus E. Howard Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy, made up the unit.

Kissinger has sworn that he had no knowledge of the formation of the Plumbers by that or any other name. But Ehrlichman and Charles Colson, both of whom need another perjury count like a hole in the head, have sworn otherwise, in affidavits filed in D.C. District Court this April.

Colson swore that in late June and early July 1971 (when the Plumbers were organized) he met with President Nixon, Ehrlichman, Bob Haldeman and Dr. Kissinger on the "tremendous gravity of the leaks" and the possibility that Ellsberg's associates "might continue the pattern."

Kissinger has sworn that he knew nothing about the Plumbers, but Ehrlichman and Colson swear otherwise

"Dr. Kissinger was even more alarmed over the leaks than the President," Colson testified. "He believed that the leaks must be stopped at all costs, that Ellsberg must be stopped from making further disclosures of classified information and that those acting in concert with him must be stopped.

"Dr. Kissinger also reported on Ellsberg's private habits and certain of his activities in Vietnam. I had the clear impression that Dr. Kissinger was reacting to conversations he had had at various times with the President; basically his concern was very similar to the President's: that Ellsberg's activities or the activities of those acting with him or pursuant to his example could undermine the most critical and sensitive foreign policy negotiations. At various times thereafter both the President and Dr. Kissinger voiced their great concern over leaks of sensitive information that could undermine vital national security matters. . . ."

Colson also swore that there should be files in the White House containing memos and notes by the President on the Plumbers, "including instructions to Mr. Haldeman, Mr. Ehrlichman, Dr. Kissinger and others dealing with this matter." According to Colson, one of the key discussions on the Plumbers took place July 15, 1971, on a helicopter returning from Los Angeles to San Clemente. The participants: Nixon, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Kissinger. Finally, Colson also testified that he had knowledge of communications between Kissinger and J. Edgar Hoover on Ellsberg's possible role in a domestic spy ring and of meetings by Kissinger with his staff about Ellsberg.

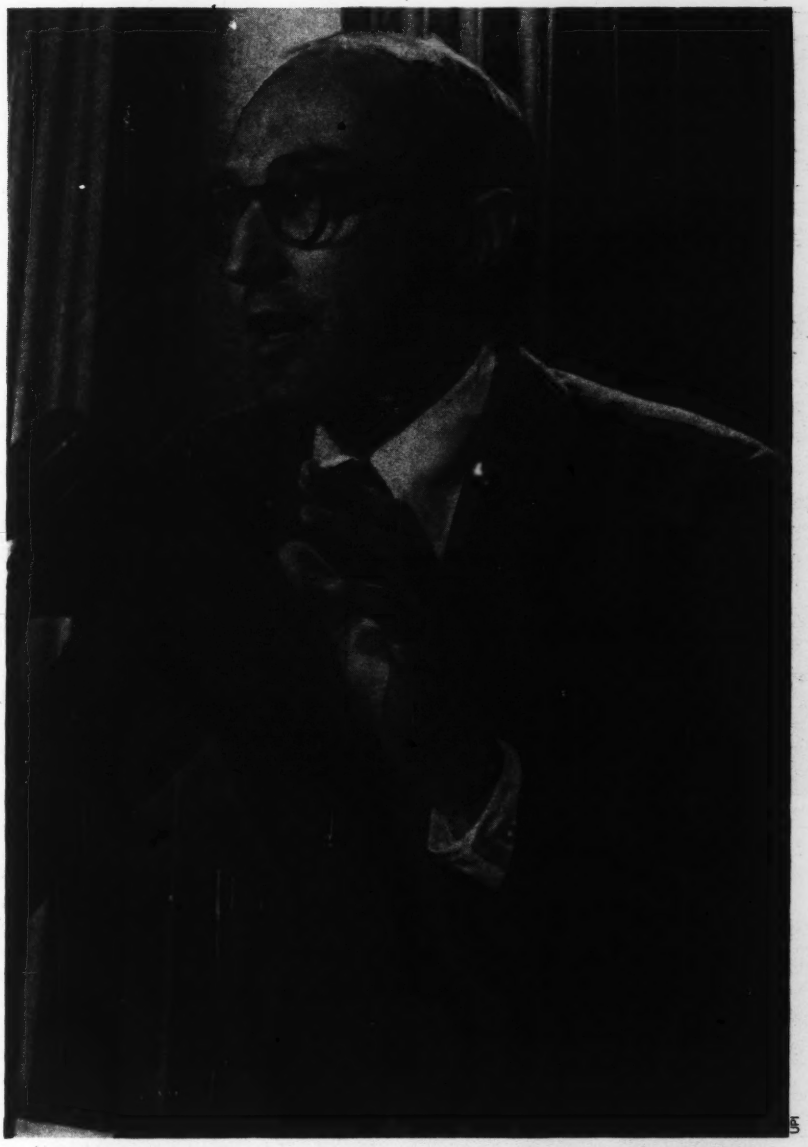
That's quite a bundle from Colson, and it's under oath. Of course, now that he has "come to Christ," he pledges to tell even more. It is a prospect that must make Kissinger grimace, at least in private.

Also submitted under oath is an affidavit by John Ehrlichman, in which he described several meetings (a week or ten days after the Pentagon Papers were published) "with the President and Henry Kissinger."

"The latter," Ehrlichman swore, "told us about Daniel Ellsberg (known to have been the thief). We were told (by Kissinger) he was a fanatic, known to be a drug abuser and in knowledge of very critical defense secrets of current validity, such as nuclear deterrent targeting.

"Having never heard of Ellsberg before the theft of the Papers, my impression from Kissinger's description was that the nation was presented with a very serious potential security problem beyond the theft of the largely historical Pentagon Papers. I later learned that the Papers themselves were believed by defense experts to contain vital secrets. Dr. Kissinger told the President that the theft made very difficult our foreign relations with Allies with whom we shared classified information. In these meetings both the President and Dr. Kissinger were obviously deeply concerned. The latter was quite agitated at times."

Ehrlichman's affidavit went on to explain that because of White House mistrust of J. Edgar Hoover, "the Young-Krogh unit was established by the President and expressly given the job of investigating Ellsberg." When Young was proposed, Kissinger, on July 14, 1971, "then objected to Young being assigned to the Unit (Plumbers) from his staff, on the ground that he had other proposed uses for him. In a conversation among the President, Henry Kissinger and me (attended by H.R. Haldeman), July 15, the President decided Young should be assigned to the Unit."



David Young, former assistant to Nancy Maginnes and former appointments secretary to Henry himself: how could Kissinger have been so ignorant of what Young was up to?

And so David Young became the co-chief of the Plumbers, his partner being Krogh, also a high-minded and competent man. The unit was nicknamed the "Plumbers" by Young's grandmother, who asked, with pride, what Young's new important assignment was. Young told her he was to plug leaks. "Oh, then you are a plumber," she said, and the name stuck and was even hung on the door of Room 16 in the Executive Office Building ("This is where the Plumbers hang out").

Jeb Stuart Magruder (now in prison), Dwight Chapin (convicted), Colson and Ehrlichman have all told me, at various times, that Henry sure as hell knew about the Plumbers. In fact, the unit was established largely because of his anger over leaks, Ellsberg and the Pentagon Papers.

That, of course, is not the way Kissinger tells it. "I have no knowledge," he testified under oath during his confirmation hearings, "of any such (illegal) activities that David Young may have engaged in. I did not know of the existence of the Plumbers group, by that or any other name. Nor did I know that David Young was concerned with internal security matters."

Kissinger went on to testify that Young transferred to Ehrlichman's staff in June 1971, though, through a technicality, he remained on Kissinger's payroll until Young was forced out of government in May 1973. It was his understanding, Kissinger testified, that Young was working on a declassification project. "I had no contact with David Young either by telephone or in my office or in any other way after he left my staff, although I continued to have a high regard for him," Kissinger said.

Only two weeks after the hearings, there was a new revelation concerning Kissinger, Young and a CIA psychiatrist. But since the Senate is often a slumber parlor, an affidavit filed March 9, 1973, as part of the Senate Watergate Committee's investigation—and released September 25—went unnoticed by that august body.

The affidavit disclosed that on August 12, 1971, a time when Kissinger claimed he was ignorant of David Young's doings, Young met with Dr. Bernard Malloy, a psychiatrist with the CIA. Young was there to arrange for a psychiatric profile of Daniel Ellsberg. "Mr. Young stated that the Ellsberg study had the highest priority, and had been requested by Mr. Ehrlichman and Dr. Kissinger," the affidavit said.

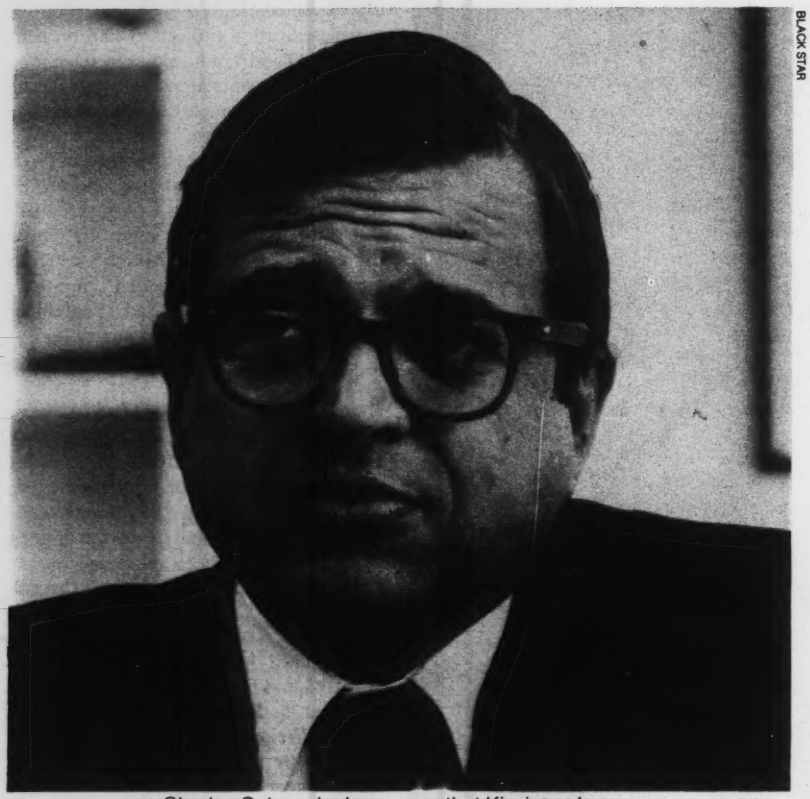
Still, Kissinger's story went unchallenged until January 1974, when it was revealed that David Young, in service as a Plumber, had interrogated Rear Admiral Robert Welander and Yeoman Charles Radford, both identified as having "spied" on Kissinger for the Pentagon.

When the "Pentagon Spying" story broke, the Washington *Star*'s crusty Jeremiah O'Leary remembered Kissinger's testimony about the Plumbers. So at the next press conference Kissinger held, O'Leary, without harassment or use of innuendo, asked how come, if you didn't know about the Plumbers or David Young, Dr. Kissinger, you had Welander and Radford transferred, and knew about David Young's investigation?

To which Kissinger offered several hundred words of artful dodge and the admission that he knew that David Young had interrogated Welander, "but from this one could not suppose that David Young was conducting an investigation."

Newsmen shook their heads to clear out the cobwebs. A follow-up question, and Kissinger answered: "I knew that David Young had performed the interrogation, but I had assumed that since we had sent Admiral Welander to Mr. Ehrlichman's office, Mr. Ehrlichman had designated one of his staff members to take whatever report Admiral Welander had to give. I repeat again, we were not told about either the investigation preceding it or the investigation following it, and I had no contact whatever with David Young during that period."

Newsmen firmly but courteously pressed Kissinger as to why, after listening to the tape dealing with a matter which



BLACK STAR

Charles Colson: he has sworn that Kissinger knew.

angered him, he didn't find out the total results of the investigation?

"Because I was told that I was not to be informed of it," Kissinger replied.

"By whom were you told?" asked a reporter.

"I have said all that I will say on this subject," Kissinger snapped, shutting it off and laying it onto John Ehrlichman.

Kissinger's double talk on the Plumbers displeased many in Washington. Columnist Joseph Kraft even raised the possibility of perjury. The Washington *Post* commented that Dr. Kissinger's sworn assurances that he had no knowledge of David Young and/or the Plumbers "look very strange now."

So Kissinger met with the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on Jan. 29, 1974, to "clarify" his testimony, but in executive session. No press or public. Chairman Fulbright emerged from that meeting, and announced a sanitized transcript would be released soon.

But it never came. Instead, the Foreign Relations Committee released Kissinger's prepared statement. Committee staffers, in embarrassment, said that "downtown" didn't want the transcript released. Later, a staff consultant on the Foreign Relations Committee told me that Kissinger's office had made so many deletions and edits in the transcript that the committee couldn't release it. "It looked like a Swiss cheese," the staff consultant said. In his prepared statement, Kissinger repeated his earlier sworn statement about the Plumbers and David Young, adding that he never saw, telephoned or communicated with David Young after he left his staff.

On Christmas Eve 1971, according to Kissinger, Ehrlichman called him to his office, where he played the tape of David Young interrogating Admiral Welander on what Welander knew about pilferage of Kissinger's briefcase and other N.S.C. material. Young was at his splendid best as a Plumber, protecting the National Security Council.

"You have to remember, gentlemen, that at that time I paid no particular attention to the fact that David Young was conducting the interview," Kissinger told committee members, presumably with a poker face. "I assumed that he was doing it in his capacity as an Ehrlichman staff member; that he was interviewing a man I had sent to Ehrlichman's office. . . . I frankly attached no importance whatever to the fact that David Young was conducting the interview. I did not construe from that that David Young was conducting an investigation; the 'Plumbers' were beyond my imagination. . . ."

A moment later, Kissinger corrected his Sept. 7, 1973, testimony with: "When I said that I did not know that David Young was engaged in internal security matters, what I meant to say was that I did not know that a part of his duties was to investigate internal security matters."

So that was Kissinger's prepared but not sworn statement. When he released it, the cover page cited "minor deletions" and noted, "The questions and answers (by the Senators) which followed the statement are also deleted."

After absorbing all this information about David Young, the Welander interrogation, the Colson and Ehrlichman affidavits, I was convinced that Dr. Henry A. Kissinger did indeed know of the existence of the Plumbers and was aware that Young was investigating internal security matters. So on Sunday, March 17, when for some reason I was invited to the White House for worship services, I accepted, partly in hopes of asking the President himself about Kissinger and the Plumbers.

When I met the President in the reception line, I offered a friendly "good morning" and then the question: "Mr. President, did Dr. Kissinger consult with you before you established the Plumbers, and did he know about their work afterwards?"

The President rubbed his chin, somewhat surprised, and started to answer. But he caught himself, and said, "Nick, call Al Haig about that in the morning. He'll tell you."

When Haig is not under oath, his line is Kissinger's line, because the two men worked hand in glove for years. Several days later, when I called Haig at the White House, he laughed when I asked the question. "The President set up the Special Investigations Unit," said Haig, "but Henry and I weren't aware of it. I knew David Young was going to work for Ehrlichman and we knew that Ehrlichman was responsible for internal investigations."

Young, the only one of the Plumbers not today in jail or facing it—he was granted immunity in return for his testimony—has lately dropped out of sight. His lawyer, Anthony Lapham, will say only that his client will surface to testify in the government's case against Ehrlichman and others. But his testimony could be terribly damaging to Kissinger as well. And if other witnesses whom Ehrlichman subpoenaed testify or submit to written interrogatories—namely Nixon, Haig and the Secretary himself—the full story of Kissinger's involvement with the Plumbers could be revealed.

Kissinger threw a tantrum over

news stories describing his role in the wiretapping episodes. But he could go into a full-scale depression if his role in the Plumbers-Young story ever became public.

Of course, the Secretary still has more true-blue friends in critical places than any other Administration figure, and they figure to do him a lot of good.

His screams from Salzburg had scarcely echoed through the halls of Congress when, of all people, Alabama Senator James B. Allen sponsored a resolution proclaiming that Kissinger's veracity and integrity were "above reproach." Fifty-one senators risked hernia and heart-failure to quickly get their names on the resolution, for Kissinger is probably the only national political hero left.

Since seven of these senators are members of the Foreign Relations Committee, which is supposed to sit in stern judgment on Kissinger in reviewing his earlier sworn testimony, Senator George Aiken ("Let's declare victory in Vietnam and get out"), perhaps the wisest man in the Senate, observed: "That doesn't make much sense to me." And Chairman Fulbright lamented that what good was a review by his committee if the Senate had already made up its mind.

A number of senators, thus confronted, lamely explained they were only saluting Kissinger for *past* performance. Indeed, Senator Jesse Helms took his name off the resolution, explaining that he didn't intend to give Kissinger "unqualified endorsement" until he had seen "more evidence."

Editorialists and columnists in Washington and across the country mostly leapt to Kissinger's support. The gist of their argument is that Watergate has gone too far, that it was dreadful of the press to subject Kissinger to uncivility at that press conference and that persons of evil motive leaked information to defame Kissinger.

In shouting how horrible it was that our Secretary of State was being knifed in the back, Kissinger's army of defenders were firing at straw men. In fact, newsmen had laid off him through most of Watergate, and the leaks on Kissinger from the House Judiciary Committee were driblets compared to the torrents which crashed down upon other figures.

But, for two weeks, the outraged defenders of the Secretary persisted. Presidential counselor Dean Burch (Goldwater's old sidekick) called the leaks on Kissinger "the old (Joe) McCarthy tactic of 20 years ago," and tried to give it a new name, "Eilbergisms," after Representative Joshua Eilberg (D-Pa.), who had merely pointed out that the FBI report said Kissinger "initiated" the wiretaps.

Since President Nixon backed Kissinger's Salzburg complaints, it suddenly dawned on the Nixon men that they had a great opening to shoot at the press behind Kissinger's shield. Speechwriter Patrick Buchanan, using government facilities, personnel and time, dashed off an op-edit page for the New York *Times* proclaiming that Mr. Nixon was being savaged in the press by hypocrites, and

On Christmas Eve, 1971, Ehrlichman called Kissinger to his office, where he played the tape of David Young interrogating Admiral Welander

look, even Henry Kissinger is getting it now, too. Like Nixon, Kissinger's accomplishments were being overridden in the press by those dragging him into the dock for questioning—the way Buchanan saw it.

Vice President Ford, who spends more time in airplanes than Kissinger, popped about the country assaulting the press for its treatment of Kissinger. He brought an audience comprised of the Grocery Manufacturers of America to its feet when he condemned "those who try to sabotage the work of Dr. Kissinger by devious innuendoes and backbiting. How would you feel if dissident stockholders spread ugly, untrue, dishonest rumors behind your back, as they did on Dr. Kissinger when he was making peace in the Middle East?" Ford told me later that he had been using that defense of Kissinger with great success, and that it was helping President Nixon because people identified Nixon as a co-victim with Kissinger.

Thus Kissinger has somehow boarded Mr. Nixon's Watergate boat, a leaky craft in great peril. Whether his presence on that boat will help the President is a matter of fresh speculation in the capital. The message from the White House now seems to be: in tearing Nixon down, you have also torn down Henry A. Kissinger.

No one questions the fact that there *have* been press excesses in this city, an unavoidable byproduct of the volume of Watergate reporting. But the one figure who has not been maligned, victimized or over-reported on is Kissinger. Indeed, on newspaper pages across the country as everywhere else, he has led a charmed life. But the truth has a way of sneaking out and, in the era of Watergate, even a bluff as brazen as Dr. Kissinger's is likely to be called. ●

John and Henry: is it plausible that Ehrlichman would not tell Kissinger the progress he was making on plugging leaks?

The thrill has gone

By Arthur Hadley

At the end of this session of Congress, at least 38 representatives will retire, take their pensions ($21,000 after 20 years) and go back where they came from—to fish, spend a little time with what is left of their families and just take it easy. For most of them, it won't be a moment too soon. These days, they say, being a congressperson just isn't the fun it used to be.

Why not? Interviews with many of these retiring members of Congress, most of whom came to Washington just after the Second World War, paint this bleak picture of the job most young, gregarious, ambitious types used to aspire to: Watergate finished off what little honor was still attached to the profession; the legislative workload and constituent pressure have grown to physically overwhelming proportions; the cost of running and winning campaigns has skyrocketed; seniority rules out advancement to visible positions of power; and, lastly, the toll on their family lives can no longer be ignored.

"The postwar generation is getting out," says Martha Griffiths (D-Mich.), a 20-year veteran of heated floor debates. Adds her colleague, John Blatnik (D-Minn.), who came to Congress in 1947, the same year as Carl Albert, John Kennedy and Richard Nixon, "We are the class of World War II. It's time to let the younger guys take over."

Though still energetic, many of those retiring come from an older, simpler era, when there were fewer people to reckon with and issues were less complex. On their walls are pictures of themselves shooting pheasants, their paratrooper wings, the high-school hockey team, a mine kept open, a new highway or post office built. Today, with public interest groups like Nader's Raiders and Common Cause—on top of the traditional special-interest lobbyists—it is no simple matter to find the compromises that move legislation along.

Ancher Nelsen (R-Minn.), retiring after 16 years in Congress, says he's fed up with "the subtle innuendo used to destroy a person by the so-called citizen lobbies." Blatnik, more liberal than Nelsen and therefore more well disposed to the public interest groups, nevertheless seems to be quite bitter about their attacks on him: "I'm not critical of Common Cause and Nader, though I've been attacked harshly and I think unfairly by Nader. Let him face 22 percent unemployment in his district and then attack me, who fought the clean water act through, for compromise. They have good ideas, but they can't get the 51 percent you need to do the work."

As the workload increases and the honor decreases, more and more congressmen are throwing in the towel

Perhaps the single most discouraging fact for a congressman today is the sheer amount of work. In 1969, 351 bills were introduced. Last year the number more than doubled to 726. "If there were nothing else to do but study proposed bills," says Edith Green (D-Ore.), retiring after 20 years, "it would be impossible to keep up, even if you worked 16 hours a day."

And the folks back home are no longer just a small number of friends and neighbors—they've become an impersonal, often hostile mob of letter writers. Says Chet Holifield (D-Calif.), retiring after 31 years, "My district has grown from 250,000 in 1943 to 465,000 now. At the same time, the number of federal programs that touch their lives has grown from around a dozen to 150. These bring more problems and are a heavy breeder of correspondence."

Blatnik holds up three notebooks filled with his log of telephone calls in the last five days and a handful of pink "call back" slips. "I'm 40 phone calls behind," he says. "My district has gone up 30 percent in population in the last ten years."

Ironically, the advent of the jet plane, permitting congressmen to spend more time back in their districts, is an albatross for them. It means they are expected to get back all too often. "I'm established," says Holifield, "but the new members are expected back all the time. That costs money and energy and jet lag. I don't know how they do it."

Since most constituents rarely turn up at old-fashioned rallies anymore, a congressman has to go to television for his campaigns—and it costs. "I've never spent more than $12,000 on a campaign," says Holifield. "Now in some districts in California they're spending $100,000."

Many of the harder working congressmen resent their colleagues who just show up for a vote. "Some spend a lot of time, nights, weekends, long days actually doing things," says Blatnik. "Take my fight to enlarge the Rules Committee, or to get the first water pollution bill through—that took eight years. Yet another congressman will do no work, never push anything in committee, but be there for every vote and put out press releases. And too often the press doesn't know the dif-

Arthur Hadley is a special contributor to NEW TIMES.

Illustration by Ed Soyka

ference."

Blatnik paces about the room, tired, sad. And then he touches on a more personal problem. "The last five Christmases we had to stay in Washington. This year I got home at six on Christmas Eve. Up till two years ago, when I made myself change, for eight months I'd be lucky to see my children one evening a week. And maybe have one day off a month. My son said to me, 'The other fathers are off all weekend.' Your family grows away from you. Look at poor Hubert's. They grew away from him. This sacrifice of family life is just a little too high a price to pay today."

Julia Hansen (D-Wash.) adds, "I was bathing my son when he was a baby and an irate constituent showed up and told me in no uncertain terms to drop him because she needed my time."

Watergate, of course, has only added to the burden of public officials—even those who are as appalled at Watergate as Nixon's most persistent critics. It has become the baby that has rubbed up against virtually everyone in Washington, honest and dishonest politicians alike. "Look at the polls," says Holifield. "It's no longer an honor to be in Congress. Now everyone thinks that everyone who is in government is a crook. Why should I submit to this on the part of the people?"

"The atmosphere today" says Blatnik, "is so much more sarcastic, cutting, degrading—like playing ball in the mud." Would he want his children to run for the House? "Yes, I would," Blatnik replied. "Because this onerous, degrading job is the only way in the world to advance those few little things that you believe in." Others are not so sure. Asked the same question, Congressman Holifield removes his glasses, pauses to scan the autographed pictures on the walls of his office—Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon—and answers quietly, "No. No, I don't think I would." ●

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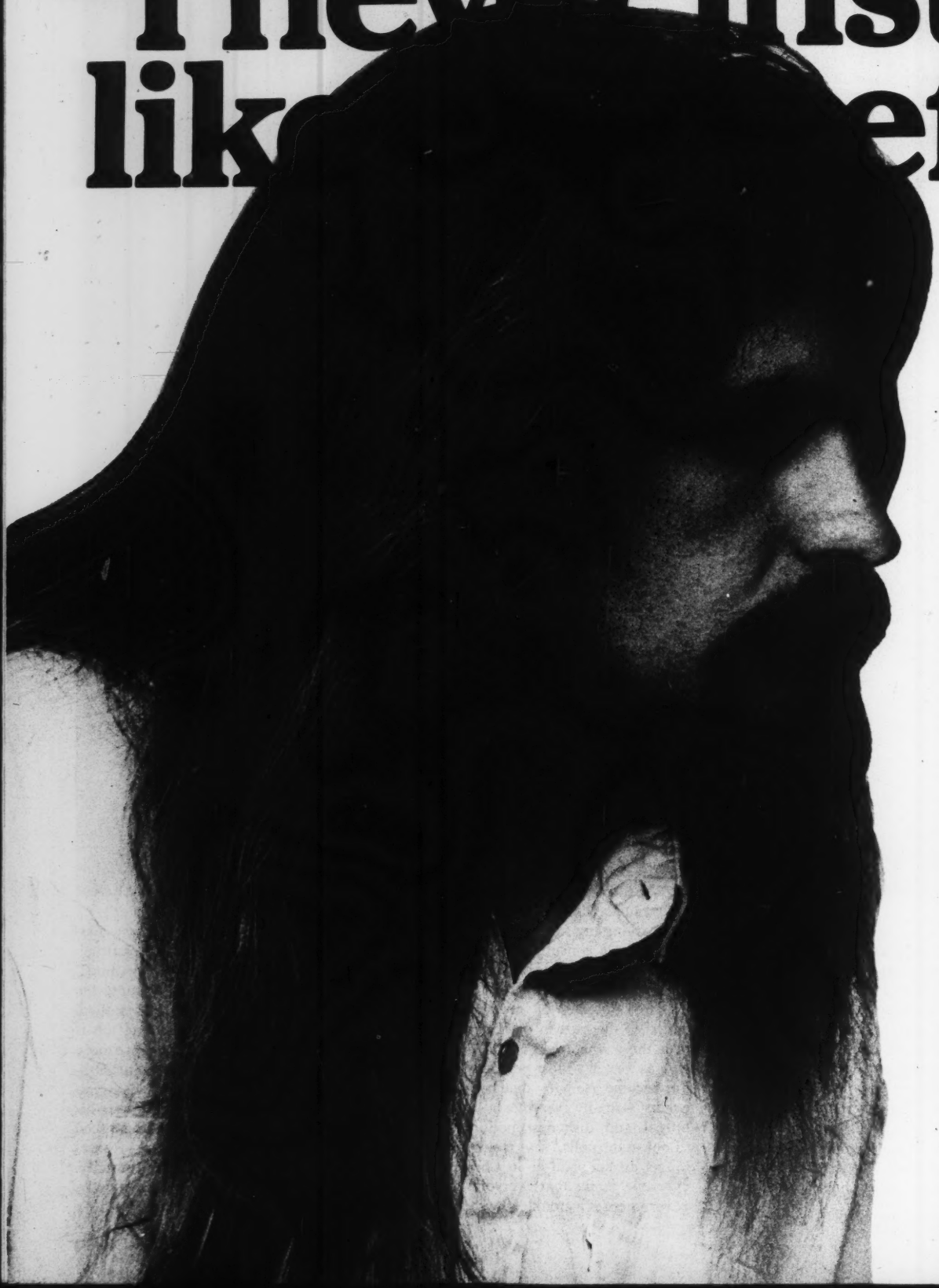

alled anything ore."

—Steve Tillack, installation expert.

"Just when I think I've seen it all, the Pioneer marketing guys show up with a new quad unit. Or a cassette player with AM, FM stereo and Dolby.*

Usually, I just grab it right out of their hands and put it right in my car.

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'Car stereo that looks like my receiver at home,' I muttered, still staring. I think it was all they needed to hear.

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If you want to do it yourself (most do), I can help. After all, when it comes to installation, I wrote the book.

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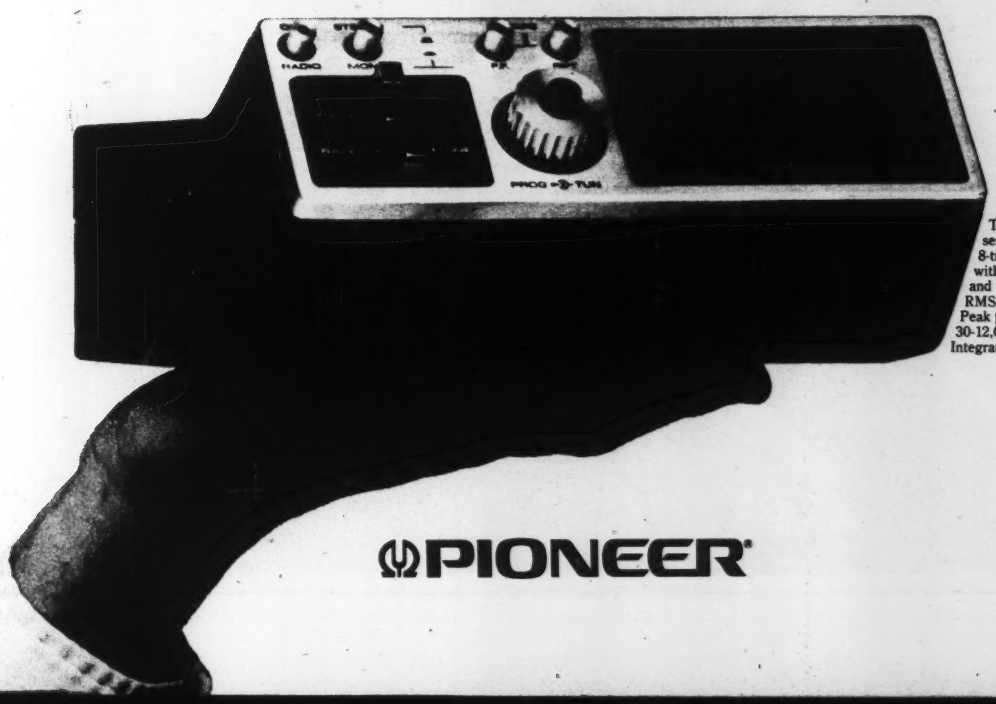
Just write Pioneer Electronics, Carson, California 90746. Especially if you've never installed anything like this before."

*The word "Dolby" is the trademark of the Dolby Laboratories.



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CAMP

Kissing the kids off to camp rip off

8 million kids will be sent to camp this summer—many to swim in lakes that do not exist, ride canoes that don't float and trustingly call "Uncle" a director who more closely resembles an ogre

By Rollie Hochstein

A proud and prosperous father arrived last summer to spend visiting day at the expensive Massachusetts camp to which he had sent his one and only son.

"Show me," he said to the boy. "Show me all the great projects you're working on. Show me your bunk and your new pals. Show me how well you swim and dive, and all your other sporting prowess. But first. . ." and the father smiled with joyful nostalgia, "show me that wonderful horse-drawn surrey we saw in the slide show when the camp owner came to our house."

The son took his father by the hand and walked him down the road, behind the camp, to an old stable—both rickety and smelly. There, in front of the stable, was the surrey that had so fired the father's imagination. The surrey was long out of use. It was leaning on one side, utterly unhitchable. Nobody's son was going to get to ride in it merrily behind a team of horses. Disillusioned, the father went to see the swimming creek and found it unswimmable, filled with sludge and seaweed. He returned to his son's bunk, stepped over the threshold and got hit in the leg with a loose floorboard.

"What a dump!" the father reported. "Filthy, crowded bunks. Flies in the dining room. And my kid moping around all summer like he could have done in his own backyard without costing me a thousand dollars."

This is not everybody's camping picture, but it happens. Whose fault? *Caveat emptor*, says the director of a good camp in Maine—"Let the buyer beware."

The trouble is that camps come on very holy. Promotional outfits like the American Camping Association strongly suggest that summer camps exist only for the good of our kids and the future of America. Parents have to remind themselves that youth camping is a billions-of-dollars business. Eight million kids will be packed off to some 11,000 camps this summer. Travel camps, sports camps, diet camps, church-sponsored camps, aviation, oceanography, gymnastic, ballet and drama camps as well as the ordinary all-'round outdoor experience camps cost from free for two-week shifts of inner city kids to $1,475 for an eight-week season of luxurious roughing it.

Camps promise to teach skills, build character, raise ecological consciousness and provide lasting friendships as well as give the campers a good time while getting them off their parents' backs. In some of the camps everyone on the staff is an "uncle" or "aunt" something—the sort of avuncular stuff that makes the camp elders all so sweet and homey. But camps also make big profits—once you get enough kids to cover your costs. In the competitive struggle to add your junior miss or mister to their profit side, many camps often slip into hard sell, sometimes promising more than they can fork over. The good ones, like other trustworthy businesses, give your child your money's worth—in program facilities and staff. But many other camps are rip-off outfits in big and/or little ways, shortchanging you neatly because it's your child, not you, who receives (or doesn't receive) the services you pay for.

The promises begin with the promotion. Here's a brochure from Camp Winimac in Bennington, New Hampshire, on the camp's accommodations:

"Cabins are modern and spacious, each equipped with electricity, running water and cross ventilated. . . . Individual cubbies and shelves provide plenty of storage space for clothing and personal possessions. A comfortable bed beckons each camper at the end of every day of exciting and engrossing activity."

And here is an equally inviting description of accommodations from a brochure for Camp Como at Lake Como, Pennsylvania:

"Cabins are truly modern, for each has been thoughtfully planned with cross ventilation, hot and cold running water, electricity and modern lavatories complete with showers. Individual cubbies and shelves provide plenty of storage space for clothing and personal possessions. Comfortable beds beckon each camper after every thrilling new day of exciting activities. . . ."

About counselors, both camps—whose names were chosen at random from the New York *Times* advertisements last March—are equally reassuring.

"Camp Winimac is genuinely proud of its counselors; they are carefully chosen for excellence in special areas, creativity and, most important, deep concern for and interest in children."

"The directors of CAMP COMO are really proud of our counselors, for they are individually chosen for special skills, imagination, prowess and, most important, deep interest in children."

Both brochures were prepared by a Yonkers photographer who does a big business in camps all over the country. I asked the man if camp pictures tell the truth. "Photographing a camp is like photographing a person," he told me. "If a person has a scar on his right cheek, you shoot him from the left."

Well, yes. As this camp expert suggested, "It would be foolish to undersell your product. General Motors doesn't tell you they get only eight miles to a gallon. They tell you how comfortable the car is."

Thus, we see brochures of a Catskill Mountains camp that advertise a *pri-*

Rollie Hochstein is a New York free lance who has packed off her own kids to camp.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHET JEZIERSKI

vate lake, with a picture of happy kids *in* a lake, only to arrive on the camp site and find there is no swimming lake there. A New Hampshire camp promises "opportunity to participate in sailing, water-skiing, canoeing and rowing, with daily instruction given in all these activities"—but when an interested mother calls the mother of a recent camper, she hears, "I was horrified when I went to visit my child. There were no water skis. The dock was broken down and the owner kept saying he was going to rebuild it. The kids sat around for hours waiting for a turn in the one navigable rowboat. They were almost unsupervised except for the owner and his wife."

A Pennsylvania riding camp promises choice of your own horse, but last year they had only nine horses for 18 campers. A New York camp advertises craft workshops, but some kids go a whole summer without getting into the shop of their choice. Another promises weekly campout trips and manages to get one overnight during the season.

"The owner came to my house and showed slides," one woman reports. "He was so charming. He said they'd give special attention to my nine-year-old girl, who has minimal brain damage. When I went up on visiting day, I couldn't believe my eyes. Crowded bunks, a dirty dining room. And my daughter was so unhappy. The other kids teased her and nobody did anything about it. She had wet her bed and the soiled sheets had been there for I don't know how long. I had to wash all her clothes before I could pack her out."

Another mother reminded another owner that he'd advertised tutoring and promised reading help for her junior-high-school daughter. "Oh," cried Uncle George (or Uncle Ralph) on visiting day. "It slipped my mind! The office forgot to remind me!" (He made good, though. The head counselor's wife was an English teacher and she worked with the girl—but only the one whose mother had complained.)

The director of a New Jersey state-run camp assured another mother that her seven-year-old daughter was not too young for his camp. On still another visiting day, this woman found her daughter strangely remote and silent after two weeks of being scared stiff. For years after, this child kept her bedroom window closed lest a "rabie squirrel" get in and bite her to death, as her much older bunkmates had threatened. In addition, the girl's nine-year-old brother had been imprisoned in the infirmary for eight days of his two weeks with a rash that had been pronounced contagious. The sister, bad on dates, had remarked that she'd had chicken pox the week before coming to camp. "Actually," their mother explains, "she'd had chicken pox the previous January and her brother had nothing more contagious than mosquito bites—which anyone who cared could have discovered by telephoning their home."

The owner of a now-defunct camp in North Adams, Massachusetts, was a pipe-smoking, Ivy League sort of man who inspired confidence. He told folks about his full, friendly program featuring all sports and cultural trips. He praised his excellent Swedish cook, so beloved that all the campers called her Mom.

Arriving with their two girls, one couple thought they'd come on the wrong Sunday. There was nobody else around. Mr. Ivy League assured them other campers would be along later, and some in a few more days when their schools closed. That first three-week session there were three girls and four boys at the camp. For the second session, the owner guaranteed between 38 and 50 new campers. There were about 20, including some day campers from town and members of the owner's family. The trips were (one) bowling, (one) hike to a quarry, (several) walks into town and a hike up Mount Greylock, during which two small children were lost for over an hour. (The cook, incidentally, turned out to be the owner's wife. She was not Swedish and she was called Mom only by the two campers who happened to be the owners' children.)

"Photographing a camp is like photographing a person. If a person has a scar on his right cheek, you shoot him from the left"

Parents who care have to be investigators—visiting the camp site, interviewing the directors, talking to previous campers and their parents. "Most camps send references," a former director of a Massachusetts camp told me. "But parents would be smart to ask these referers for the name of a kid who *isn't* coming back and find out what *that* family has to say." (One parent was given as reference a family whose daughter had not been to the camp for eight years!) "Every day should be visiting day," this director suggested. "I'd be suspicious of a camp that won't let kids call home, that reads outgoing mail and that lets parents in only at special times."

One man stopped in at a camp in the Berkshires, where his brother happened to be the baker. It was beautiful in that kitchen. There were trays of hors d'oeuvre. Cold cuts. Salads. Splendid cakes and pastries.

The visitor was deeply impressed. "These kids eat like kings!" he marveled.

"Kids, hell," the brother replied with a pitying glance. "This is visiting day!"

Even with elaborate preparations and best feet forward, some camps just can't prevent pain on visiting day. Parents may learn that though a planned menu is served, their kids regularly opt for the peanut butter and jelly that stands as a three-time-a-day meal substitute on every table. Others find their kids haven't been doing much. "I walked up toward the older girls' bunks," a parent reports, "and it was like Tobacco Road. The kids lined up on the steps in their sawed-off dungarees, smoking cigarettes and looking at nothing. I asked them what about sports, crafts, activities. They said that's for the younger campers."

Of course, children are notoriously indifferent to dirt and physical amenities. Nor does a child's idea of a good summer necessarily reflect his parents' hopes. Conscientious camp directors deal with this problem honestly. "For teenage camps," says Dr. Ernst Bulova of Buck's Rock Work Camp in New Milford, Conn., "there is a dilemma. Parents want one thing, the campers want something entirely different. Our decision has been that the children can choose what they want to do. However, parents are welcome anytime, which makes it impossible for the camp to prepare to look different for inspection."

Making sure that kids have a good time (so they'll come back next year) can produce a laxity that even the most understanding parents might protest. Camps for older children have been plagued with problems of drugs and promiscuity. Still it's the parents who pay, and a number of popular camps have had to close down because of a reputation for an overly permissive atmosphere. Other camps run to the opposite extreme, operating with concentration camp tactics—a spy system of staff and counselors and the grilling of campers suspected of having information about misbehavior. "In such camps," according to Dr. Bulova, "the kids may like each other and like the camp while they dislike the director. If the director can live with such hostility, he can actually become a unifying force—bringing the campers

together in their mutual dislike of him."

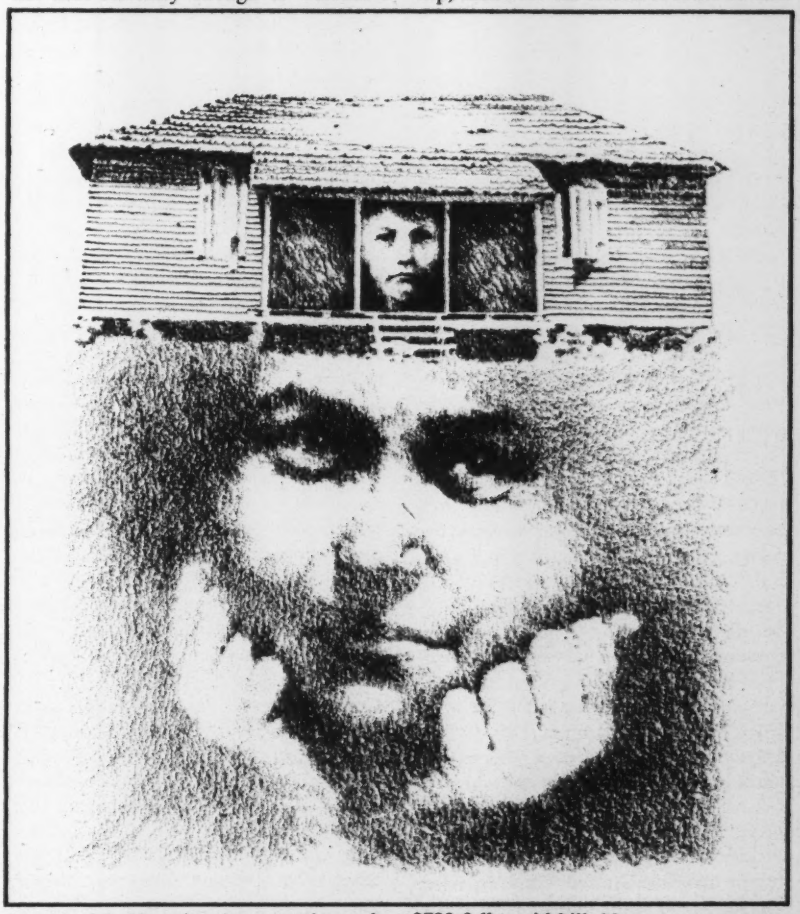
Campers may complain, but if they have a good time they'll want to go back. So most campers are not mistreated. Only once in a while you hear of an exception—like the boy who wouldn't write home. It was two summers ago, when Jeff was 12. "Uncle Tony sent in a couple of big boys from the oldest bunk," Jeff recalls. "I think they were 16. One hit me in the stomach and then they both knocked me down. When I complained, Tony said I'd better write the letter or he'd let the big guys take me into the woods and tie me up." This boy ran away to the nearest town. There have been campers who didn't get away that easily.

Some years ago, nine-year-old Richard Riegle went to a YMCA camp in southern California. He and 24 other boys were set up for target practice, Richard handling an air rifle, firing BBs, for the first time. One of the three rifles went off into the air as the boys were fooling around. A young man from a neighboring camp was hit in the eye. Richard, without ever telling his family why, suffered from screaming nightmares until over a year later, when legal papers were served and the incident came out in the open. (Richard, it turned out, was one of 25 defendants. The camp's liability insurance, according to Ms. Riegle's testimony before a congressional committee in 1969, covered the YMCA and its employees—not the youngsters attending the camp. She paid a settlement.)

Counselors often get ripped off themselves. The American Camping Association has set up standards for the fair treatment of counselors—defined duties, days off, rest periods, etc.—but only about 30 percent of the country's camps meet the ACA accreditation standards. (And even ACA accreditation doesn't mean that *all* standards are met.) Therefore, counselors still complain about unpaid "orientation" weeks, which consist mostly of painting, pail-pushing and putting the camp together. One ex-counselor's "orientation" week consisted of turning a winter old folks' home into a summer youth camp; then, at season's end, she had to help turn it back again. For that, plus eight weeks in charge of ten eighth-grade girls, she earned $370 minus a towing charge for the time when her car had a flat tire en route to a doctor's office with two campers who needed allergy shots.

One Uncle in east New York State forbids counselors to keep their cars at camp. Instead he promises a camp bus to take them into town on their days and evenings off. No such bus exists. But that doesn't matter much, because there aren't many days or evenings off. Young men and women who expected to be responsible for eight children find themselves with more than eight plus unexpected "extras" like running nature hikes, producing water ballets, teaching typing. One counselor, a schoolteacher, was invited to bring his wife along only to learn that she was expected to work six hours a day in the office. Furthermore, the room they were assigned as living quarters doubled as one of the camp "workshops."

A counselor in a western camp was hurt in a fall from a horse. The camp nurse pronounced her in good shape, certainly not hurt seriously enough to warrant a doctor's visit. Next day the counselor took off to see a doctor privately. He took X-rays. She had a mild concussion and a dislocated shoulder.



Some of the most outrageous rip offs occur in the bookkeeper's office. Parents frequently find themselves charged at the end of the summer for a wide variety of activities that were advertised as part of the camp program, but set down as billable "extras" in fine print. One New Jersey father paid a teen camp some $150 for miscellaneous expenses over a $1,350 camp fee. Requesting an itemization, he got one adding up to an overage of $47.85, including canoe, bowling and outside trips. Including also a shop charge for $14, and including $17.25 for a camp jacket, T-shirt and sweatshirt that according to camp literature "will be issued to everyone at camp. . . . Unless you want spares, you will not need to bring along another windbreaker or sweatshirt." The father added up $101.25 in "exceptional charges" and asked for a refund. He never got it.

One couple whose daughter was sent home after ten days of a four-week session (for smoking a cigarette on a camp trip) asked for the return of some of their $700 fully paid bill. Not a penny was returned until a suit was brought. A Maine camp owner promised another couple that their deposit would be returned if their daughter's shrink decided she wasn't ready for camp that summer. The shrink said, "No camp." The camp owner said, "I'll send you a check today." That was ten months and 20 phone calls ago. Another camper was sent home after two weeks of an eight-week session. Her art workshop class had been sent to a local cemetary to make rubbings of gravestones. She had refused to go, the camp director had tried to force her, then had

decided she was a bad influence on more docile campers. The parents did not get their prorated share of their money back until they began a suit.

The American Camping Association is usually sympathetic but seldom helpful. Dissatisfied customers are no real threat, either, to owners of supercamps that can always find fresh fish through high-powered advertising and publicity. Others are stocked from affiliated nursery schools and day camps, maintaining close relations with the "free" camp referral services. Parents who fail to investigate personally, who skip over the fine print on application forms and contracts, who are ready to believe what smiling Uncles tell them may find themselves utterly helpless in the face of arrant cheating. According to Stephen Mindell, deputy head of the New York State Bureau of Consumer Frauds and Protection, "Future service contracts are today's biggest problem area in consumer protection."

"Nobody's going to get excited over a few hundred dollars," one woman claims to have been told by a representative of the Better Business Bureau. A spokesman of the American Camping Association told me that camps have been dropped from their accreditation only for "gross abuses." He mentioned as examples a camp which had advertised three swimming pools and hadn't yet broken ground for one of them, another which pictured somebody else's lake on its brochures.

Some of the camp owners who are most negligent about money they owe are also the most sensitive about money owed to them. One owner kept a camper's trunk and duffle bag at season's end to insure payment of a late balance. Another makes sure everybody is paid up before the end of visiting day: as parents' cars pull into his parking lot, Uncle Ralph is there to greet them and place a colorful sticker on their windshields. But only on *some* windshields—on the cars of families who still owe him money. Halfway through visiting day, Uncle Ralph quietly retires from his boniface chores and takes up his walkie-talkie, communicating from the business office to the parking lot. The sticker stays on till the bill is paid in full. And nobody leaves with a sticker on.

Still, a good Uncle Bernie camp—where the owner is qualified, conscientious and *there*—may be a better bet than an institutional camp run long-distance by a church or a corporation. Today's trend is toward fewer and larger camps, a direction that dilutes the responsibility for the kids and reduces the accountability of the camp owner. There are good reasons to send youngsters to camp. Even child psychiatrists recommend it (day camp from four to eight, sleep-away from eight to twelve, something more challenging—like a job—for teenagers). Family therapist Lawrence Nyman has even, on occasion, recommended camp therapeutically "when kids need a structured social environment or when parents need to be less over-involved with their children." However, parents ought to have some guarantees—not only that promises will be kept, but that their children will be protected from illness, injury and abuse. ●

You'd think a camp safety law would be easy to pass, right? Wrong

This spring the New York *Times* editorialized: "More than seventy children died in camps last summer and still the public outcry has not been strong enough to induce Congress to approve a bill establishing minimum federal safety laws for camps." Public outcry? Response to the subject of safety laws for summer youth camps not only has not provoked a public outcry, but it seems to have provoked one vast public shrug. Only a precious few are concerned enough about the laws to make any noise, and you can guess who they are: parents whose children have been affected by the lack of safety laws and camp owners.

In a more recent article, the *Times* upped its own figures to 92 deaths last year in camps for youth, but still the going has been slow at the federal level. Representative Dominick V. Daniels (D-N.J.) has been trying to get a bill through Congress for six years. And, you may ask, what congressman in heaven's name could be against such a bill? One put it this way: a camp safety bill is "something everyone could vote for," but there has been little public pressure for such legislation. "All the pressure has been from one side, the camp owners," he said. "When pressure is all one way, when the public doesn't care or doesn't know enough to care, even bills as obvious as camp safety can be shot down."

One of the leaders in shooting down the bill is Representative J.J. Pickle, the eloquent Texan whose elegy for the departed Lyndon Baines Johnson touched some of the hardest LBJ-hating hearts. In 1972 a last-minute maneuver by Pickle brought about the substitution of a survey instead of a safety bill. Pickle's reason: he'd received wires from "a dozen or more major camps in my district strongly opposing" the law. Another Texas representative who voted *for* the bill admitted that he did so against pressure from "camp owners and directors from all over the Southwest." During one debate on the subject, Pickle said, "If the states feel camps are run well, I'm not sure the Congress should say they are not and make our own law." The gist of congressional objections sounds like that old chestnut—states' rights. Congressmen against the bill see no reason for federal poaching on states' territory. This points to one of the two major problems the measure is having in becoming law: in the South mostly, there is the fear that federal regulations would lead to enforced integration of private camps. The other problem is that safety costs money; this, in spite of the numerous deaths and 250,000 injuries to children each year. In the late '60s, when Connecticut got around to passing a life-preserver law, the state Boating Commission received many requests for exemptions from Boy Scout camps. According to Commission Director Bernard W. Chalecki, the Scouts said they couldn't afford to buy enough life-saving devices. Camp owners save money by hiring counselors from Europe. But, if a Yugoslavian waterfront counselor doesn't understand English well enough to make his orders clear, the saving of money could cost lives. It is cheaper to pile kids into flatbed trucks than to use buses. It's cheaper not to build fire exits.

The Daniels bill will have to be reconciled with a similar piece of legislation by Senator Abraham Ribicoff (D-Conn.). Ribicoff's bill is considered to be weaker because it gives camp owners a larger share of power in setting up standards. The Senate-House Conference Committee, which will consider the bill, will meet in secrecy to reconcile the two bills, and it is here that the lobbyists will have their greatest influence; they'll have access and the public will not.

Dan Krivit, chief counsel for the subcommittee preparing the House bill, said, "The Boy Scouts say they're for it, the Girl Scouts say they're for it, the American Camping Association says they're for it. But if you look at their position papers, you find they're for a very modified, very watered-down form of youth camp safety legislation.

"If," said Krivit, "the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts and the ACA were really behind this bill, there would be no more than five no-votes against it on the floor. That is not the case."

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JACK PAYNE is the editor and publisher of *Business Opportunities Digest,* which he founded in 1963. After earning his degree in Business Administration, Mr. Payne became research director, and business manager at several business magazines before launching his own publications business. He has authored hundreds of articles as well as a previous book—*Capital Sources—The Businessman's Source Manual of Finance.*

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LOCAL COLOR

Oregon: sometimes a great nation

Contrary to rumor, Oregon is not going to secede— but there is talk of a plywood barricade against invading hordes from California

By Bill Cardoso

The fancy of Norman J. Nibblett took wing one day four years ago. The unofficial mayor of unincorporated Lookingglass, Oregon, seized by the whimsies, installed a parking meter outside his store, the hub of his picayune community. The AP put the story on its state wire, then moved it on the national trunk. A manhole cover arrived in Lookingglass, compliments of the citizens of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Tourists arrived to marvel at the meter and stuff it with nickels. Some became transfixed. Accommodating farmers sold five-acre plots and the population swelled to 450. There was talk of getting a post office. "I used to know everyone and now I don't know anyone," a Lookingglass lifer lamented.

Most of the newcomers are from California. "I want to keep them away," Mayor Nibblett recently said. So, he is running for Douglas County commissioner to dam the boom and resolve the karma in his southern Oregon neighborhood.

Too late. All Oregon has become a magnet. And Oregonians have become positively xenophobic about the arrivals from the promised land. These people will do anything now to keep you out. They even send their governor around to say you wouldn't want to live there. If you come to visit, don't forget your passport, you're told. And your umbrella.

The 2.2 million ecology freaks who live there are reminded by their Highway Division to "thank Heaven we live in God's Country." But there's trouble in God's Country, a place that up till now did quite nicely, thank you, with 21 persons to the square mile. The growth rate is double California's and Oregon is the eleventh fastest-growing state. According to the U.S. Bureau of Census, Oregon gained 134,000 new residents during the last three years (by comparison, New York, with the nation's lowest growth rate, gained 24,000) and if the present rate continues, the population will double in three decades.

Worse, Oregonians know that 29 percent of all Californians want to leave and that Oregon is first choice of these new seekers. The California Department of Finance confirmed this in May. The trend appears in statistics of drivers licenses swapped between the states. In the ten months prior to April, 18,873 Californians turned in their licenses to Oregon (5,184 Oregonians turned in their licenses to California).

Nightmares, then, of an avalanche; 7 million Californians salivating at the border; megatons of white flesh stomping the roses from Roseburg in the south clear up to the City of Roses, Portland; farting in the stillness of the wheatfields of the eastern plateau. No wonder the talk of a great plywood wall (Oregon produces 57 percent of the U.S. supply) eight feet high at the California border; no wonder the talk of hauling out Susquatch—Bigfoot, the legendary "abominable" who roams the forests.

Wherein the author slips across the border and gets his feet wet

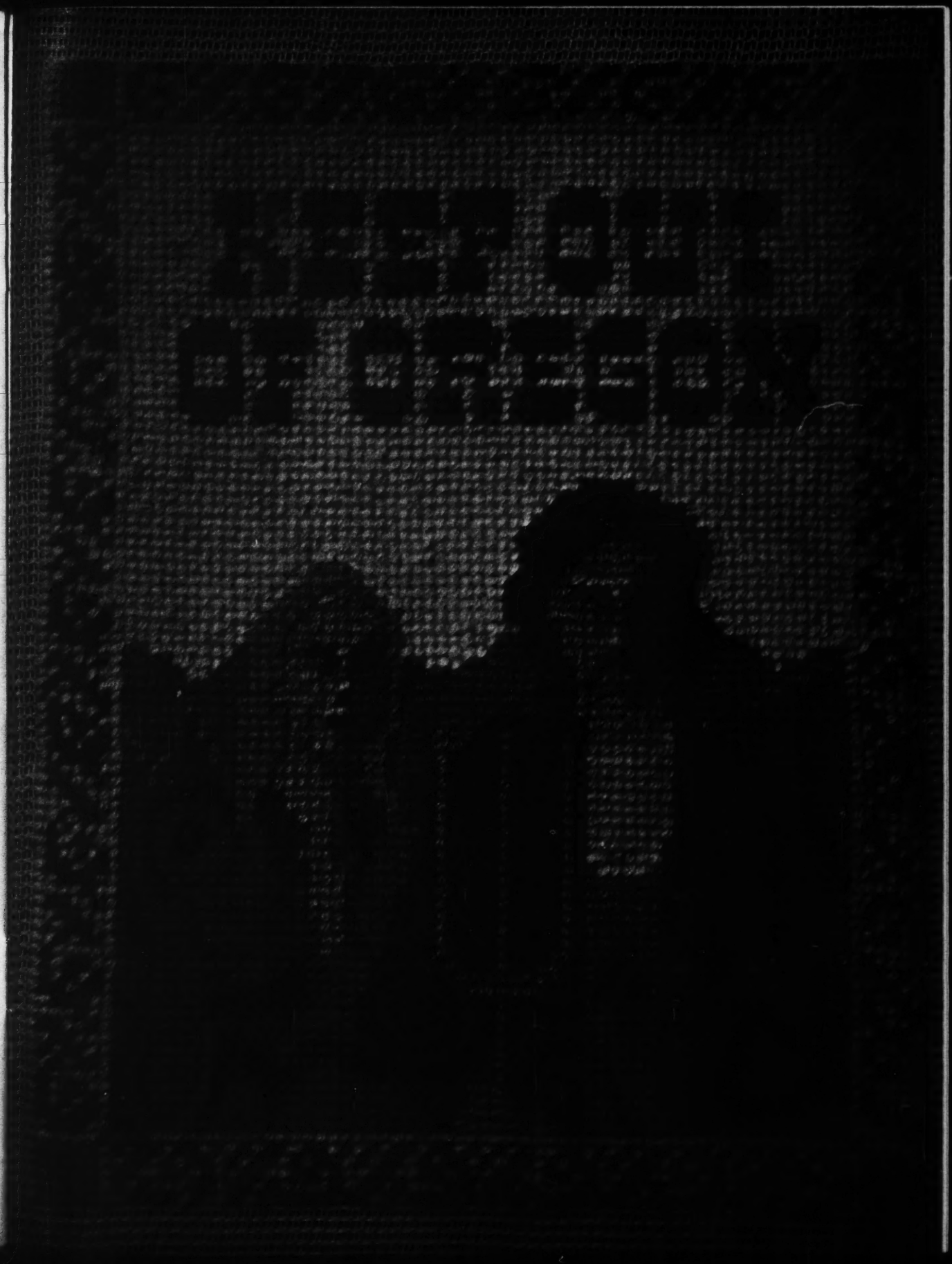
"Welcome to Oregon," read the sign. It began to rain. Har-har, they were right about that much. Where's the fence? Maybe they take it down at night—you know, roll it up at nine o'clock? Har-har. Where's Bigfoot? A station wagon emblazoned with the CBS Eye pulled up. Two men jumped out and started shooting film of the sign. We overnighted in Roseburg (pop. 14,530). The photographer ordered pan-fried oysters and got deep-fried prawns. He sneered and called the town Pick-Your-Noseburg. What matter. With martinis going for $1 (you specify the brand), were we to quibble? (Oregon has no sales tax; everything is cheaper.) Recreation was in order after the long overland journey. Where's the dancing? "Live Music," the sign at Horsefeathers claimed. But "Harriet and Pappy" only play weekends, the new owner said. Is there any live music? "They got four colored guys playing across the street at the Roseburg Hotel, in the Rose Room." Blues in the night.

Rain in the morning. There's a town called Drain between Roseburg and Eugene. Annual precipitation there is 34 inches, nothing compared with the 10 feet of rain that falls along the coast at Cascade Head.

Oregon's second city, Eugene, is the southern terminal of the Willamette Valley—don't say *Will*amette, stranger; Wil*lam*ette . . . and let us not discuss Oreg*one*. Nearly 70 percent of the people live along the Willamette River watershed on roughly 12 percent of the land. It is Oregon's heartland; to some, a Los Angeles in the making. Eugene's population was estimated at 81,000 three years ago, though City Councilman Neil Murray places it now at 91,000. It can be unpleasant in late summer when they burn the grass seed fields just north (most U.S. grass seed grows here) and the polluted air streams down the V-shaped valley into Eugene. A legislator lost his seat over the flap last election, which brought some satisfaction to a citizenry that practices a responsibility hard to find elsewhere, with the possible exception of New England.

Bill Cardoso, the reputed founder of Gonzo journalism, last reported for NEW TIMES *on John Lennon's fracas at The Troubadour in Los Angeles.*

SAMPLER BY DONNA NICHOLSON AND STEVE PHILLIPS



SAMPLER BY DONNA NICHOLSON AND STEVE PHILLIPS

Eugene can also be pleasant. A derelict downtown was reclaimed as an enormous shopping mall for pedestrians only. Too bad they didn't put up more awnings, though. You have to Stonewall it. Just go out and get wet.

"I would guess," Councilman Murray said in his ground floor corner office at the University of Oregon, where he is assistant dean of students, "Eugene has more meetings per capita than any other city I know." He traces the strong political climate to a strong rural tradition: Pioneers built Oregon 130 years ago with a bible and an ax. (A 24-foot-tall gold-leafed pioneer, a Bunyon in hollow bronze, stands atop the Capitol dome.)

"It comes out of the people," Murray, 32, a transplanted Washingtonian, added. "Plus, we've got good leaders." He mentioned Neil Goldschmidt, mayor of Portland, at 33 the nation's youngest "big" city mayor; Tom McCall, the governor. . .ah yes, McCall; and Wayne Morse, the celebrated maverick, jettisoned from the fond embrace of the national collective unconscious in 1968 by paradoxical Oregonians after a quarter century in the U.S. Senate.

Betty Coed passed by outside, unmindful of the drizzle and the heart that skipped a beat behind windows. Mention was made of such pleasant surroundings. Dean Murray swiveled his chair and surveyed the river and greensward across the road, idyllic in the mist. "Yes, it is pleasant, isn't it. I guess you could say the message seems clear: Oregonians can look around and see that we have the life other people bemoan they've lost."

A duck waddled out of the river and along the lawn, then another, then a third. How long, dean, does it take to grow webs on your feet? Har-har, he said. How long does it take to get your lanolin up? Har-har, he said. No, no kidding dean. . . . "You'll want to see a guy named Ron Abell for that, up in Portland. He's got all that information."

Eugene is also the home of the Oregon Ungreeting Card Company ("Last Year In Oregon 677 People Fell Off Their Bikes. . .And Drowned"; etc.).

Caramba, what rain! Recently, they tell, an old-timer admonished the governor to "stop picking on Nixon and concentrate on stopping this rain." He probably could: walking on water ain't hard here. Say he's a strange sort, the governor. Not only goes around telling on Oregon, stirring up the outsiders, but campaigns– actually campaigns–for Democrats! Six-foot-five, too! Wears a size 12 shoe! Sumbitch might even be Bigfoot!

Containing a few remarks by the governor on "sagebrush subdivisions and coastal condomania."

For seven years this nominal Republican has given his neighbors easy access to the most open administration in Oregon history by regularly holding open house in his office, where informality is the rule (an estimated 100,000 persons, individuals and groups, have visited him), and by holding town-hall sessions across the state to get his public's opinion. His morning staff conferences are open to the press. Open about his private self, too: wrote a Sunday piece for the Portland *Oregonian* last year (My Head-on Confrontation with Cancer) after an operation for cancer of the prostate and a testicle; and went on TV with his son Sam to tell the story of Sam's addiction, what was done about it and of the prospects for a methadone program.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF CAMPICHE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES FISCUS

For all this, they love Tom McCall.

He was elected Oregon's thirtieth governor in 1966 by the largest vote ever cast and reelected in 1970 by almost the same margin. If Oregon law didn't prohibit a third consecutive term, he'd win again.

"No, he's in Georgia making a speech," said Deputy Press Secretary Gene Maudlin. "You can have him Thursday morning at 11. You get 15 minutes. The secretary will have to see your visa, of course."

Out speechifying again, huh. . . one could almost see the Salem *Capital Journal* editorial writers revving up: "McCall stayaway speeches draw more and more attention to the state and in the end discourage no one"; karmic son of Lookingglass, of 7 million Losers hunkering at the California line.

In Georgia this day, McCall will be in agreement. "More people are coming just to see what it is we are trying to hide," he will tell the Garden Club of America in convention assembled. "It may be a great mistake to purposely attract more tourists to trample our environment into oblivion." That's right: stompin' on the roses, fartin' in the wheatfields. He will rail against "sagebrush subdivisions, coastal condomania and rampaging Willamette Valley suburbia" that mock Oregon's role as the national environmental model. He will also say the Oregon Story inspires people to believe they can influence the law-making process in their own states and will cite the bottle bill as an example, saying roadside litter has been reduced by 90 percent. Putting a price on the head of beer and soft drink containers works. "The bottle bill," he will say, "is a pivotal antidote, a key domino, for the national

disease of over-consumption; having it in practice proves that we can have beautification, we can reduce solid waste and we can save energy by simple, practical measures. It takes four times as much energy to deliver drinks in an aluminum can as in a reusable glass bottle. This is an indictment of the throwaway society." (An economic impact study by two Oregon State professors shows the law has had no real effect on the cost of beverages and that it has created some 365 jobs for teamsters and handlers.)

McCall credits the Legislature controlled by Democrats. "I wouldn't be able to do what I'm doing without an enlightened Legislature," he often says. Together, they have enacted laws so progressive as to render all other states Victorian. The bottle bill, the bicycle bill (1 percent of highway funds are used to build bicycle ways) and the billboard removal bill are all national models. The cleanup of the Willamette River is hailed as "our ecological Easter" and salmon have been seen there after years of absence. Now there are plans for a Willamette "greenway." The entire coastline is barred to developers. Last season they passed a law to open to the press all gatherings at which a legislative decision could theoretically be made—at a cocktail party, for instance.

The most divisive battle last session was not the bottle bill with its epic special interest lobby pressure, but the land use law in which all combatants were scarred. With Portland's suburban Washington County the nation's fastest-growing, and with supermarkets in the Willamette Valley being built over gravel beds needed to build supermarkets, something had to be done, McCall and the Legislature insisted, despite the opposition of the state Grange and large landholding interests. So, land use is regulated by the state.

Nearly half the Legislature was born in other states, as was McCall and half of Oregon's six-member Congressional delegation. The age of state legislators was dramatically reduced during the past four years, from an average of 50 to 45. In 1969 only three of the 89 members were under 30. Today there are 11. Four years ago none was under 25. Now there are five. But it was a 61-year-old Republican, Stafford Hansell, operator of the biggest hog farm outside of Poland, who successfully led the de-criminalization of marijuana, another first-in-the-nation law. These days, if you're caught with less than an ounce, you get a traffic ticket.

In which the reader is brought into communication with several natives

They *are* answering a different drummer, Dale Osborn, administrative assistant to the Senate Republican leader and a Michigan native, agreed at the Black Angus, a politicians' hangout in Salem. "No telling what's going to happen at next year's session. Last year they passed a bill extending the territorial waters to 200 miles. Because of Japanese and Russian mother-ship fishing. McCall vetoed it because it would be a joke to enforce. But they overrode it!"

Kitty, a Black Angus waitress, told the reporter to "write a terrible Oregon story." Well, your climate's terrible, anyway. "That's one of the things we've got going for us," replied the waitress, yet another California native. Toledo! Are there no Oregon natives? Writer Ken Kesey is one. Unfortunately, he was in New York.

"If you're pulling a trailer with California plates," Dale Osborn resumed, "the first question is, 'Where are you going in Washington?' " The only Californian they want, they just got: basketball's Bill Walton.

"Yes, sir," said Osborn, giving the matter more thought, "we could do it. . .we can sell lumber (the nation's number one lumber state since 1938). . .shelter is no problem. . .food is no problem. . .we have more than enough hydroelectric energy (they sell it to California). . .we've got oil shale for petroleum needs. . .we could be a little New Zealand. . . ."

The streets and gutters of Portland are always clean. The rain washes them. Smog from automobile pollution rolls in all summer long and the winter weather is not what you'd call Chamber of Commerce. Yet, she grows. There are now an estimated 400,000 residents and metro-Portland is thought to have 1.3 million. Some inspired high-rise architecture has gone up, but the danger of skyline overload is present. Contented inhabitants suggest a long and prosperous municipal run.

"You're just part of the string of people who drift through town doing the Oregon story," Todd Engdahl of the *Oregonian* said over coffee in Portland. "And the story you're after is about a mental attitude. Have you seen Ron Abell yet? Oregonians don't want the state to become like the rest of the country. By that," the California native asserted, "they mean California."

It rains, he said, relighting his pipe, from October to May.

Predator clouds muscled the trespassing sun as we left the restaurant. There is a rain tradition. Even the names of sports teams—the Ducks, the Beavers, the Storm—imply a liquid state.

Rain is the most important element in the arsenal of the James G. Blaine Society, a "vague but sinister" anti-growth force that grew like a "vicious amoeba" when revived two years ago by Ron Abell. In 1971, the Society's newsletter reports, the race track in Portland endured 35 consecutive days of rain or mud, a western record. The sun will rust you, the Society warns. All paper in Oregon is watermarked, it reveals. The Society originated in the 1940s, the creation of a Portland writer, Stewart Holbrook, who sought to glorify the 1884 Republican Presidential candidate for never setting foot in the state. (Despite, or because of, this, James Gillespie Blaine edged Stephen Grover Cleveland in Oregon, 26,860 to 24,604.) Now Abell's vehicle, the Society doesn't hesitate to unleash more alarming propaganda. Pass this ammunition, Abell tells members: the FBI says Portland's crime rate is higher than that of Chicago, Newark or St. Louis. And pass this: Oregon's second most communicable disease is

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM PAGE

gonorrhea; disease-carrying mosquitos are rampant; in the last generation, more than 50 positive animal carriers of bubonic plague were located. And this: the biggest pile of radioactive waste in the world is stored along the Columbia River's banks.

The Oregon Motor Hotel Association frowns on Ron Abell. Tourism was down 15 percent last summer, according to the Highway Division, after years of increase. The decline was due mostly to the gasoline shortage. But the Eugene *Register-Guard* also attributes the drop to the Blaines and reports that a tourist bureau worker admitted, "We spent a lot of extra time talking to people from out of state to assure them that they were welcome, regardless of what they have heard or read." It looks, the *Register-Guard* editorialized, like the time has come to bury James G. Blaine. Hoteliers hosanna'd.

Ron Abell was in a sour mood.

"I'm tired and I'm beat," said media's official state sideshow over the phone, declining an invitation to dinner. "And I'm tired of the Oregon story. It's been done by everybody and his dog. The national press has been on this for three years. Thirty major pieces have been done. It's been written up by everyone from the New York *Times* to the L.A. *Times* to the Denver *Post* to papers in Ventura County, California. At the moment (that is, within the last three days) I've been contacted by a columnist for the Vancouver, B.C., *Sun*, the CBS affiliate in Sacramento, and the *Wall Street Journal* office in San Francisco. And they all want the same story. What if I said it doesn't exist—it's a media creation?"

Furthermore, he said, "I've disaffiliated myself from the Society because it stopped being a lot of fun for me. It took an awful lot of time and energy and it got very confused by the sorts of things that the governor says, that the Oregon Ungreeting Card Company does, and my role got very complicated. And I end up spending a lot of time not entertaining people but explaining myself. My attitude now is that this is just another place. There's not much coming in or going out. Somebody wanting an urban life would go bananas. I feel like I've been in a logging camp for a long time."

During dinner at Jake's Famous Crawfish, one of Portland's oldest eating establishments, Abell was told about the experience at the border, how it was raining on the other side of the Welcome to Oregon sign. "It's happened to me about ten times," he confided. "Typically, it's 40 degrees, overcast and drizzling."

A newspaperman turned freelance, the "seems" ever coiled, clamping his teeth in vise fashion around the filters of his cigarettes. He is a native of Los Angeles who fled that urb 16 years ago at the age of 25 when he determined megalopolis was amok. He thinks Oregon has passed the point of no return, too, and talks of leaving. But he can't go home again because, like the lyric says, Look What They've Done to My Song, Ma.

A beautiful woman dined at a nearby table, unmindful of the heart that skipped a beat a few feet away. "She's a professor at Mt. Hood Community College," helpful Abell disclosed. "She's from Kansas City." You know her, huh? "Yeah." Small town this. Bob, the headwaiter, was kind enough to tender her the reporter's card and compliments.

Bob is 34, a Phoenix native, and hit Portland four years ago, up from San Francisco, part of the perpendicular migration. It was the best move he ever made, he said. What is it about Oregon that causes him to stay? "Just the people themselves, I guess you could say. They're outgoing and friendly. The people of Portland are the nicest I've ever met. I don't know why, but there's a warmth here I've never found anywhere else." Portland is a good, wide-open town, he said. Portland even has the baths, he said. Anything goes. Yet, the law forbids Bob from bringing us our cocktails, he said. Beer or wine, yes. But for cocktails, he must summon a waitress. The reporter's notebook became impossibly martini-stained, rendering futile further interviewing of Ron Abell under the circumstances. We resumed at the motel with a tape recorder.

"Imagine what it would be like to live here. . . . We don't have any of the amenities of the urban life"

Concerning the strange and wondrous growth of the Blaine Society

"The story began when I wrote an article in 1970 for *Old Oregon*, the University of Oregon alumni magazine, explaining the James Blaine Society. The article appears and somehow it gets from Eugene, Oregon, to Los Angeles—to Jack Perkins of NBC News. And he comes up on a hot August summer day and says, 'Where's your raincoat?' I said, 'What do you mean?' and he says, 'We're going to do this number under the garden hoses.' And then the piece appeared a month later and Brinkley closed the show with it and gave one of his little laughs, you know—that one only he can give. And then my phone started ringing. People wanting to know how they can join the Blaine Society. Well, there is no Blaine Society, I said. A lady called from Aspen, Colorado. How can we start one here? How can we affiliate? This kind of thing. I got trapped. I got sandbagged, really. Then AP put my picture on the national wire. I'm leaning against a stop sign and it ran in hundreds of papers. And about that time the *New Republic*, Peter Barnes, did a story. Then came the Washington *Post* and the *Christian Science Monitor* and *Newsweek* and everybody."

Ron has role-played for every network, including the educational one.

"Okay, meanwhile, McCall is making a lot of noise and Oregon gets the reputation of being a most progressive state. And it is such a crazy place, by the way," he said in aside, allowing the last phrase to tumble slowly, emphatically. That's right: a blues band in Roseburg.

"By mid-1973 the national media picked up on the story in its entirety. Basically, what they say is. . .they come here and say Oregon is paradise, it's Eden, and McCall is a wonderful governor, and this is the only place to live, and there's one freak who runs around saying don't come. That's me. I usually get one graph. *Time* gave me a footnote. They drag me out of the closet and always tag me onto the story as kind of an appendage.

"Actually, I never said stay away. What I say is, before you go and write your story, because you saw the rainbow and you saw a wave come in, don't write your story based on that. I'm saying, imagine what it would be like to live here. This is the story that I think people ought to be writing. As far as I'm concerned, I think it's past time for some revisionist to take a look at what Oregon really is. The climate is the worst you'll find because of the rain and the clouds all the time. We don't have a major university and we don't have any of the amenities of urban life. People go around saying *Hair* was here! *Mame* was here! You know, it's three years later. The press is not good. We have bad TV and papers. It's hard to find anything out. The inflow and outflow of ideas is less here than it would be in any decent city. The schools are okay but not great. The employment picture here is probably slightly worse than in the rest of the country.

"So, I say is this the kind of place where you want to live? And if a guy says, 'Yeah, because my wife and I got mugged last night in Manhattan on our way home and I don't want a fractured skull for anything,' well I guess you could be happy

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM PAGE

in Oregon. But you've got to ask yourself whether what you've got is worth trading for Oregon.

"It's got nice scenery compared to some places. It's a relatively empty place, rural and agricultural, basically, with only one city in the whole state, which is up on the Washington border. For people with a pastoral frame of mind who want to get some R&R, or go on vacation, it's a nice place to come, you know? In the summer the popular places are crowded, but most of the year you can get into the parks and camps and go to the mountains or ocean . . . all this. It isn't paradise and it's not purgatory. I think from a lot of points of view it's got more minuses than pluses. You know, I'm going to leave. . . . I'm thinking I might leave one of these times. It's not because it's something I don't like. I'm tired. I feel like I'm in a rut. Like I told you, I feel like I've been in a logging camp for 16 years. And I think this attitude would get to some. The funny thing is the reporters who've been out here are sophisticated city people and they're the ones who get suckered by this. . . ."

Governor McCall: him Big Man, not Bigfoot.

In the morning the photographer considered the rainscape. "You need *high speed* Ektachrome here," he muttered. "There's never enough light."

At last the reader learns of the governor's birthplace

McCall awaited our pleasure. Oregonians felt they knew Tom McCall personally when they elected him in 1964 to their second most powerful office, secretary of state (no lieutenant governor), for he had spent years in their living rooms as Lawson McCall, political commentator for KGW-TV in Portland. He metamorphosed into Tom when he first sought political office in 1954. The name change, they say, backfired. He was called a phony and Portland's ten-term congresswoman, Mrs. Edith Green (born in South Dakota), was able to beat him silly in her own maiden Congressional campaign.

McCall was born March 22, 1913, in Egypt, Mass., and spent his first eight years there on his maternal grandfather's 1,000-acre South Shore estate. He likes to point out, though, that he was "conceived" in Oregon and was reared from the fourth grade at the same granddad's ranch near Prineville, in the center of the state. His mother, an extraordinary woman, went to Oregon as a 22-year-old bride but always returned to her native South Shore to give birth. Today, Mrs. Dorothy Lawson McCall, age 85, is a political power in her right. She wrote her first book (*Ranch Under the Rimrock*) five years ago and two years later published her second (*Copper King's Daughter*), about her father, Tom T. Lawson, a wealthy financier and sometimes muckraking author (Frenzied Finance). McCall's paternal grandfather, Samuel W. McCall, publisher of the Boston *Advertiser* (defunct), was for 20 years a member of Congress, a three-term Massachusetts governor and a contemporary of Honey Fitz, storied Boston mayor.

The governor graduated from the University of Oregon in 1936 with a degree in journalism and knocked about in that trade most of his life. His *Pollution in Paradise,* about the Willamette River, was named an outstanding TV documentary in 1962 by Sigma Delta Chi, the national journalistic society. Newsman at heart, he enjoys being unofficial "pool man" for the press at governors conferences and likes to tell a Spiro Agnew story: "Tom," he quotes the former vice president as saying at a GOP governors conference, "you couldn't have said this! You're quoted here as saying I gave a rotten, bigoted, little speech last night!" To which McCall remembers answering: "I'm not positive I used the word 'little.' " The terrible thing, McCall continues, was that none of the other governors laughed. "I was all set until then to be the chairman of the next conference, but my candidacy suddenly disappeared."

Most of the national attention McCall receives is for his environmental work. He alerted Oregonians to the energy problem by establishing the nation's first gasoline rationing program and reduced the speed limit to 55 mph before anyone else (last August). He banned outdoor lighting, cut back temperatures, eliminated hot water and air conditioning in state buildings and put janitorial work on a daytime basis. "It takes 600 pounds of coal to provide the energy to operate one 60-watt bulb for a year," he said. "Turn off that bulb!" He gave up his Lincoln Continental for an Audi during the gas crisis.

He is back in the Lincoln now and the lights are on again.

The hot TV lights of the CBS team from Sacramento went on in the governor's large, ceremonial office.

". . . Congress, they're all highly intelligent, articulate people. There's a preconception of whether the President is guilty or not. Right now. So, if they impeach him, and the Senate follows through, the people are gonna say, what do you expect, anyhow? It's a Democratic Congress and a Republican President. And if they don't impeach him, a lot of people are gonna say he acted so suspiciously I'm not gonna trust him anyway. We could have a long, drawn-out trial that isn't gonna prove anything. So, that's why I favor resignation, or a swap between the President and the Vice President. You could eliminate that part of the President the people don't trust, which more than half of the people don't trust, and put him in charge of foreign policy with Henry Kissinger, which is the thing most people in the United States say he does very well, in all the polls. And then Gerald Ford could come on as President. He's not a brilliant tactician, or a brilliant diplomat, or a brilliant politician, but he is honest and he does have dignity and a certain amount of ability. I think in that way we could get the nation going again and get unhung-up on Watergate. . . ."

He was saying this to school kids—little ones, eight, nine years old. The pieties noticeable by their absence. The man, it seems, just doesn't know how to

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM PAGE

talk down to people.

A child is asking him if he wants to be President.

"I'm sort of testing myself to see if I could move around the nation and still do this job. Or run on the basis not really of being a full-fledged candidate, because I couldn't get the nomination of my party. My party is much more conservative in its apparatus than I am. Just like the Democratic Party is much more liberal than its rank and file. I come from a party whose state and county chairmen overwhelmingly favor Governor Reagan for the Presidency. Would not even spit on me. We would move ahead as an independent, maybe. Cuz we are independent. Most people in Oregon *are* independent. They're free thinkers. And most people, according to the Gallup and Harris polls, feel that the political parties aren't doing their job. Frank Mankiewicz, who is really a very good tactician and politician, even though he had a debacle with George McGovern . . . Frank Mankiewicz said that a guy like Tom McCall is a strong contender who could bust down the middle and win all the marbles. So, God help us all. I'm not ready for that and I sure don't want to do it. But we're going to bust down the middle and talk sane and make sure the right people give the right answers to the right questions and that's good enough for me. I don't think I'll ever be elected to anything else. . . . I might run for governor again, though . . . someday. . . ."

Mentioning Mankiewicz in front of pre-pubescents? Finally, has this man no sense of decency!

The governor's working office adjoins the ceremonial one. It is walnut paneled and larger than a phone booth. It overflows with memorabilia. There is a yellowed, autographed baseball, an old, deflating football, a model of the Thomas W. Lawson, reputedly the only seven-masted clipper ship ever built. When the tallest governor in the nation sits here, the room seems very small.

"This darn thing about going around and telling the Oregon story, I mean this isn't fatuous," he is saying to his guest. "Their comments are very revealing about what people want. I mean, you get the same reaction from the board of directors of John Deere, or J.C. Penney, as you get out of Stanford. They're awfully tired of BS . . . they really are. I want to give you a letter I got from Stanford after I went down there and talked to their communications course. . . . Just a minute . . . Doris! Hey, Doris!"

"Yes, sir," answered a woman in the next room.

"Do you have a copy of Lyle's letter, Nelson's?"

He has the long jaw, this man, and the broad vowels of the brahmin Yankee. The way he looks and talks, could as likely be a Saltonstall or a Worcester or a Forbes sitting there.

"You might be interested in . . . let's see, what'd I think was a good. . . . I gave a good speech to the Commonwealth Club, which is a pretty fancy outfit. I called for Nixon's resignation in front of that conservative group and I got a standing ovation. I . . . that's quite a speech and really gave it with . . . my heart."

Doris appeared with the Stanford letter. It contains comments by students after McCall lectured. One anonymous collegian remarked that McCall "has a personal touch; has sincerity; his enthusiasm reminds you of an American spirit that once was."

McCall took advantage of Doris's presence. "You might just haul that Commonwealth Club speech out. If that's all right. Is that all right, Doris?"

Governor, are you Bigfoot? McCall stared down at his feet. "No," he answered. "But if you see him, tell him he's welcome to visit but not to stay"

"Oh, yes," replied Doris, and returned to the files.

"Oh! Another you might like is the speech I made in March in Idaho for Governor Andrus." McCall tells this story: "I kept seeing one of the Republican governors looking at me in a mournful way at the last national governors conference, so I asked him if it was because I was going to Idaho to campaign for Cecil Andrus. He said it was, so I said don't you like Cecil? And he said, oh, no. He's the nicest guy there is. But he's a Democrat! This, to me, is an indictment of politics. Issues are more significant than party labels."

Governor, you made reference to Frank Mankiewicz when you were talking to the school kids. . . .

"Hey, Doris!" Too late. She was out of earshot. "I'll get you that interview with Mankiewicz. They ask him how about McCall running *with* Rockefeller and he says McCall is the real Rockefeller . . . sure, yeah, Rockefeller no longer is, you know, he isn't. . . . Want to see that interview?" Sure, yeah.

A peek into the file marked "Presidency"

"Yup," he says. "Say, a letter of Bill Moyers' you might want to see. He says McCall is absolutely my candidate in '76. Let me get you that one."

McCall has a bulging file marked "Presidency."

Doris returned with the material. McCall asked her to fetch the Moyers quote. Which she did. McCall reread the letter. "Don't embarrass him any, but this is true. He (Moyers) and I both have a great mutual friend. His name is Osgood Nichols, who's a helluva P.R. man in New York and Washington. As a Harvard student, came out to the ranch to pitch hay. My dad used to have . . . he's an old Harvard man. . . . And so Moyers wrote him Nov. 28, 1973. And then he wrote me."

McCall began to read aloud. " 'McCall is my candidate for President in 1976 irrespective of his party, a man of singular integrity, with his ideals intact,' although he moves neatly in the confines of pragmatism.'

"Isn't that a helluva piece of writing? Mmm-mmm-mmm," he added in a coda of satisfaction, the way Sidney Greenstreet might have.

But will you chase the nomination even though, as you say, the party apparatus is against you?

"Oh, God, no. I'm not going to demean and besmirch myself to try to capture it." He seemed genuinely aghast at the thought, the way patrician pedigree ought to be.

"What I'll probably do is, the thing closest to my heart ever since I heard of it, was . . . some officials from Oregon State came in to see me and said how about an endowed chair, the distinguished chair of electronic journalism and government? The Governor Tom McCall, the former governor. . . . So I would teach on a nine-month contract, that is, if the thing goes through. It's almost consummated. I believe it would be a great object lesson, a great experiment, for the full professor teaching the course to be a candidate for President. . . . Because I think all the artificial barriers that we've run into that inhibit somebody from running . . . he's gotta look like and sound like Ronald Reagan. But he can't win if he does! But he can't get nominated unless he does! This sort of thing."

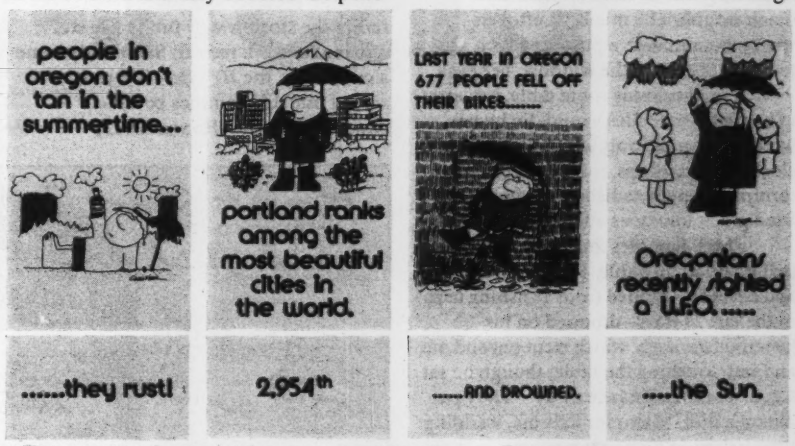
What happened to the eight-foot plywood wall that you're supposed to have down at the border? It wasn't there. . . .

"Hah!" he said. "California people, once they're established in Oregon, want an 80-foot fence! They're absolutely the most isolationist people you'd

PHOTOGRAPH BY BEESON/CLOUTIER, INC.

ever want to meet, once they get in here. God, you'd think Oregonians are fierce! Transplanted Californians are absolutely paranoid about letting anybody else in. It's funny.

"But this whole thing is as serious as I can make it. It's gotta be tongue-in-cheek when you say, okay, visit us but don't, for heaven's sake, move in. That's as far as you can go. It's gotta be light. Some people have told me they felt they were being turned on by Oregonians. So what happened to western hospitality? What is this strange sound coming from someone who must indeed be the personification of western hospitality as the chief host of the state of Oregon? It's the toughest line to follow . . . you're darn right. It's really a tough position because you insult people, alienate people, even though all the reasons for their not being wanted are impersonal. And all the reasons lie in the fact that in too many cases what they came to


people in oregon don't tan in the summertime...
.....they rust!
portland ranks among the most beautiful cities in the world.
2,954th
LAST YEAR IN OREGON 677 PEOPLE FELL OFF THEIR BIKES.....
.....AND DROWNED.
Oregonians recently sighted a U.F.O.....
....the Sun.

Frank Beeson (left) and Jim Cloutier, of Ungreeting Cards, tell how you develop gills . . . Their cards are at right.

enjoy is dead. And that's the whole damn thing."

That's the message?

"Yup."

Governor, your mother said she wanted to run for governor to keep the seat warm for you, sort of like Lurleen Wallace did, until you could run again four years later.

"She finally . . . she just . . . she's screwing everything else up. The night before the filing deadline in April she issued a statement that she was satisfied that the candidates in the field were going to carry out her views. So she wasn't at age 85 going to 'get in the muck of politics.' But she can absolutely be the most destructive person . . . even after not running! After withdrawing! She's going to make an endorsement that is gonna screw up politics for the next 20 years (laughter). And I mean it. God, how do you get her to endorse someone *after* the primary. She's that powerful a figure! She's a feisty old girl. So, how do you handle her? If I said, mother, for God's sake, don't run, why she'd probably be running for the White House. She's a contrary old girl. Yes, indeed."

The tiny office filled with aides. It was noon. Our scheduled 15 minutes had dissolved into an hour. They wanted to spirit him away. But the conversation was now about newspapering and McCall was telling how it all began. "God, jobs were hard to get. But a friend of mine wrote from Idaho on a paper there, the Moscow *Star-Mirror*, and so I went over there for about five years and got into the greatest newspaper fight you ever saw. There was a guy named Dr. Frank B. Robinson, who had a mail order religion called Psychiana, and he turned Moscow from a third class post office into a first class one, this was such a tremendous mail order religion. So the *Star-Mirror* was the only publishing house in town and they doubled the price of his printing. So he says you sonsabitches, I'll fix you. I'll run my own printing press and my own paper. So we had the greatest training ground you ever saw. Two daily papers in a town of 7,000!"

The aides fidgeted. It was time to go. McCall rose from his chair. Jesus Christ! Look at those brogans!

With McCall, there always seems to be time for one more question. Governor, are you Bigfoot?

He stared down at his feet. A smile crept up his face. "No," he said. "I don't think there is a Bigfoot. But if you see him, tell him he's welcome to visit but not to stay."

Leaving the Capitol, Ron Schmidt, the press secretary, mentioned the governor would lead a rattlesnake hunt that afternoon on the State House lawn.

The CBS man raced for the phone.

"And make sure you tell the truth about the weather!" Schmidt called to the departing figure.

Wherein the author bids a fowl farewell to a liquid state

There was supposed to be a secession going on over at Otter Rock, dubbed Cape Foulweather by Captain James Cook. Secession within secession, a fitting end. Our informant erred. It turned out to be one man's secession, unsupported. The layover was Newport, the nearest town of consequence. The photographer said he was too tired to go out for a few cold ones. The reporter was on his own. Leaving one oceanside tavern that night, he spied huge footprints in the sand. Bill Walton? At another place he heard a combination country-mariachi band. A lumberjack there, after long minutes on the dance floor and out of breath, nevertheless allowed he'd "stay around for another mess." All the taverns displayed Loyalty Day signs, a big deal in Newport. Not the place for this agent.

The sun was out in the morning. Last day. We watched a solitary bicyclist pedal for miles along the shoreline near Dunes City. Well, whaddya wanna do? the photographer was asked. Wanna go find Lookingglass and stuff some nickels in the meter? Naw, he said. Let's go buy some cooked crabs and get a few cold ones and sit some place. We chose Siltcoos Lake. A fisherman worked the end of the boat ramp. Some folks pulled up in a Winnebago, then left. The fisherman departed. Then there was solitude, plain and simple. Just the sound of crab shells cracking, just the smell of crab juices dripping from hands. A duck waddled out of the lake toward us. Then a brace. Soon, many brace of ducks, nay, a nuisance of ducks. Surrounded. Throw them some meat! screamed the photographer. They wanted more. They wanted it all. Let them have it all! he shouted. We fled. Mugged by ducks.

"She flies with her own wings"—

Oregon Territory Motto ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY BEESON/CLOUTIER, INC.

Living off the fat of the wasteland

Cumming, Ga.—Grace Samples said lunch wouldn't be much. "Leftovers." A sparse woman with a puckered face, she took a seat next to the window, her eyes leveled on the dining room table, a swatter in her fist. Three flies would die by her hand, having had only a look at the sirloin, chicken, pork chops, rolls, light bread, turnips, peppers, radishes, potato salad, fried green tomatoes and iced tea.

Mrs. Samples' husband, Junior, bellied up to the table. He wore no shirt, and his chest—tanned from 18 fishing trips in the last 21 days—drooped on his generous stomach, which went out and out and out, touching the table, though he sat a considerable distance away. "They put me on a diet," Samples tells me, wadding up a lettuce leaf and cramming it in his mouth. "Whaauugh ah cah hull uh ah . . . ." The translation, after he finishes chewing and swallows, is: "Where I catch hell is I eat what I usually eat. Then I eat what they tell me to, extra."

Junior spears a handsome slice of sirloin, baptizes it in Worcestershire and pops it in. "Get me the A-1 Sauce, Grace."

"Those missing front teeth ever bother your eating habits?" I ask him.

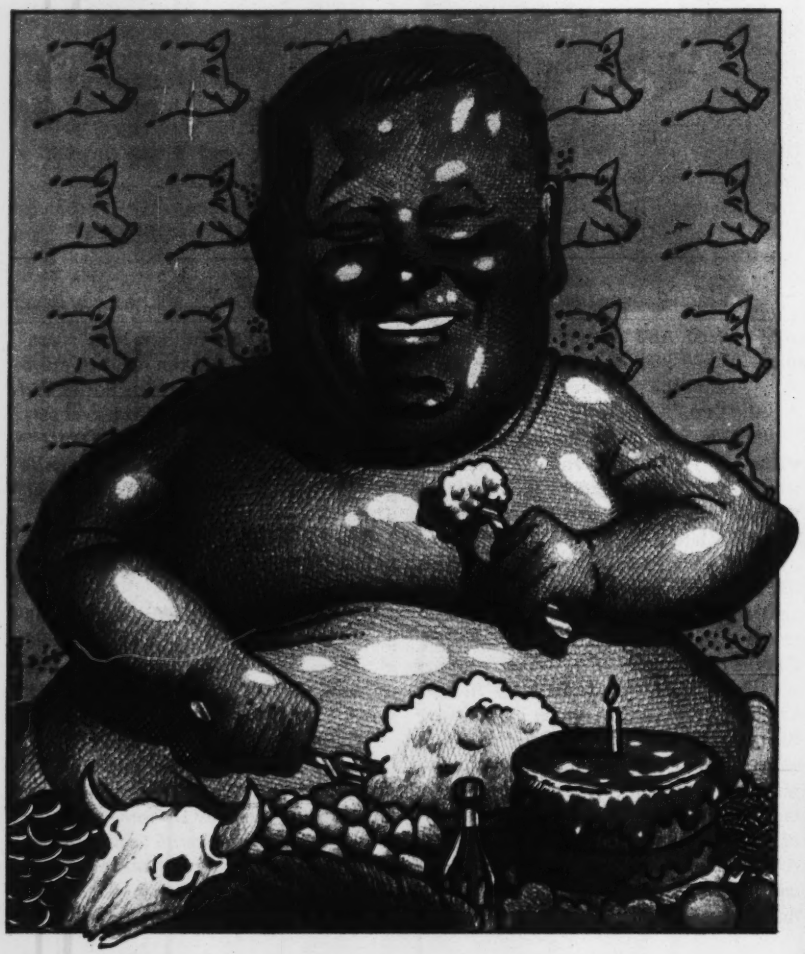
"Naw. I have a little trouble eatin' fish. I have to pull my chicken off with my fanger. Generally, I just jaw down on it. Teeth are crumblin' anyhow. I figure it'd be a waste of money to buy the front 'uns now."

A few years ago, Samples was one of Georgia's poorest souls—the type a wife called "shiftless" or "no 'count" or "worthless." Mr. and Mrs. Samples and six little Samples lived in a three-room, $25-a-month shack on the ridge behind the Cumming Water Works. Junior worked from time to time—sawmill, carpentry, moonshining—but didn't work most of the time.

And then, by his own admission, Samples got drunk and said he had caught the world's biggest bass. A man from the Game and Fish Commission tape-recorded his story and played it on the radio; the story, a very funny fish story, was made into a record; Samples became a comedian; the *Hee Haw* TV program signed him up; Samples became a minor league star. He was 43. He couldn't read or write.

Samples' show, *Hee Haw*, came on as a rushed replacement for the Smothers Brothers five years ago. Its cornpone style ("Do you file your nails?" "No, I just clip 'em and throw 'em away") caught on with millions who appreciated the country version of *Laugh-In*. But CBS canceled it and it went the syndication route, where it seems to be doing comfortably.

A blond-haired cherub bounds



Illustrations by Bill Nelson

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through the front door. She is Samples' granddaughter. "Hee Haw," she hollers, waving an envelope. The mailman had come, bringing Samples' weekly $258.09. This is how much he is paid while the reruns are being shown. "This'll buy fish bait and flour," he says, looking like a 300-pound king of sloths. "Easiest goddamn money I ever seen."

He is paid $650 a show for 26 shows a year. He makes another $10,000 to $20,000 off of commercials. Back in 1967 he and Grace together made only $5,000.

Samples, toothpick planted firmly between bicuspids, asks me: "Y'awna see my house?" The tour begins. It is a four-bedroom brick, with den and basement. It looks like he bought out an entire Railroad Salvage warehouse to furnish it. The house cost him about $50,000.

Samples' costar, String Bean, was robbed and shot to death last year. Samples is so paranoid that he keeps a pistol with him at all times. There is a gun in every room. He has two .357 Magnums, a .22, four .38s, five .25 automatics, a .30-.30 with a 30-cartridge clip ("That un'll bring down a house") and a whole mess of others. In his bedroom, there are three pistols in and around the nightstand. In the bathroom, there is a pistol in a holster on the back of the door. You can reach it easily from the john when the door is closed. "I thought about it," Samples says, "and this'd be the only room in the house where he could get me. Grace don't like the pistol in here, but a man's gotta protect himself."

Out back there is a two-story garage. It contains Samples' $5,000 bass boat. The boat contains an AM-FM stereo radio and tape deck, two large, expensive, chocked-full tackle boxes, a .357 Magnum, pork and beans, potted meat, sardines and a jar of mustard. "Ever' time I take a notion I want sompin'," he says, "I just go hunt around till I find it. I got anything I ever need, I reckon. I don't have to borry nothin' no more. Y'awna see my dawgs?"

We drive through the tall weeds on the back half of his three-acre spread, and he stops the Suburban at the pen he has built for eight newborn hounds. "Got to get shed of their mamma," he says, pissing in the grass. "Y'awna see my garden?"

The ground is moist. Samples, wearing only a pair of Bermuda shorts, walks the rows. His stubby, vanilla-white, hairless legs carry him quickly, even though his bare feet sink four inches with each step. He leaves tracks like craters.

"Lettuce look like they're gonna head," he says. "Got two rows of sweet 'taters over yonder. Acre of corn. Butterbeans. Okra. Squash. Cucumbers. No green beans. Don't like 'em. Had a bait of 'em when I wuz a kid. Got four rows of popcorn. Watch yourself you don't mar up here. . . ."

We part close to sundown. Samples is going trout fishing. I ask him one last question, whether there is anything in the world he desires but does not have? "One thing I want and there ain't a chance in hell of gettin' it. I want a damn big yacht down on the ocean I could run around in. And I'd have to have me a crew of 'bout seven to run it—all of 'em women."

—By Gregory Jaynes

Gray, L.P. III, USN ret.

New London, Conn.—It figured to be easier than taking Dillinger or Baby Face Nelson. The subject's routine had been carefully observed. He walked the three blocks from parking lot to four-story unimposing office building every morning. He walked alone, long since stripped of his coterie of menacing bodyguards. He carried only a briefcase. Except for a troubled expression, he blended into the crowd, looking like a typical businessman, perhaps a bank vice-president.

The prosecutors weren't through with him yet. He had admitted lying to the Feds and burning politically sensitive documents, and although some thought he was now spilling all he knew to the investigators in Washington, he remained as tight-lipped as ever with the public and press.

I first encountered Louis Patrick Gray III in Washington, D.C., when it was becoming clear that his whirlwind tour as Acting Director of the FBI would not be renewed for a permanent run. I had listened attentively as this loyal, "only following orders" appointee, for more than 20 years a Navy man, proceeded to hang himself before the Senate Judiciary Committee with admissions of subservience to the White House. While he was twisting slowly, slowly in the wind, his benefactor in the Oval Office was calling him "dumb" and a "big clown," and his trusted friend John Dean was hoping that "maybe someone will shoot him."

Pat Gray, a victim of blind devotion, had reached the pinnacle and fallen off. The balding 58-year-old former submarine captain had been the biggest thing to hit his home region of southeastern Connecticut since the great hurricane of '38. "There was tremendous community pride when Pat took over the FBI," said a local newspaper editor. "The only other person from this area who made it big was a guy who became State Lieutenant Governor awhile back. But he went to jail in a kickback scandal."

Gray's reign did not last long. As suddenly as they had appeared, the agents which chauffeured his limousine to St. Mary's Catholic Church were gone. So, too, went the local glory and respect. "Poor Pat's the fall guy," remarked a neighbor, "but he wasn't smart enough to realize it."

Restlessly, I lie in wait for the country's former chief cop—gone underground. L. Patrick Gray is now just another small city lawyer, handling deeds and property sales, and the more he is able to fade into oblivion, the better he likes it.

He is now listed in the telephone book as Gray, L.P. III, Capt. USN ret., and, unlike his neighbors in Stonington, pop. 14,000, no labeled mailbox stands in front of his secluded $80,000 home on Findlay Way. The big car has been traded for a Ford Capri to save gas in his 20 mile daily commute to work. And folks around town almost never see Gray or his wife at the village fair and other community events like they used to.

Yet the devotion to military discipline which destroyed his public life is still very much a part of his private life. According to associates, Gray rises with the sun, jogs before work, avoids alcohol and every ten days or so gets his head mowed as short as a putting green for $3. For recreation he swims in his backyard pool, usually alone, and discussions of Watergate, Richard Nixon or his own Christmas trash are strictly off limits. His days of political involvement and dreams of a judge's robe are gone forever.

It is high noon when J. Edgar's successor makes his break. Marching purposefully out of his office building into the sunlight, Gray appears thinner, less harried than the last time I saw him. Using my best Efrem Zimbalist cool, I make the approach.

"Hello Mr. Gray. I'm Fred Mann from *New Times*. Remember me? I've called you 31 times."

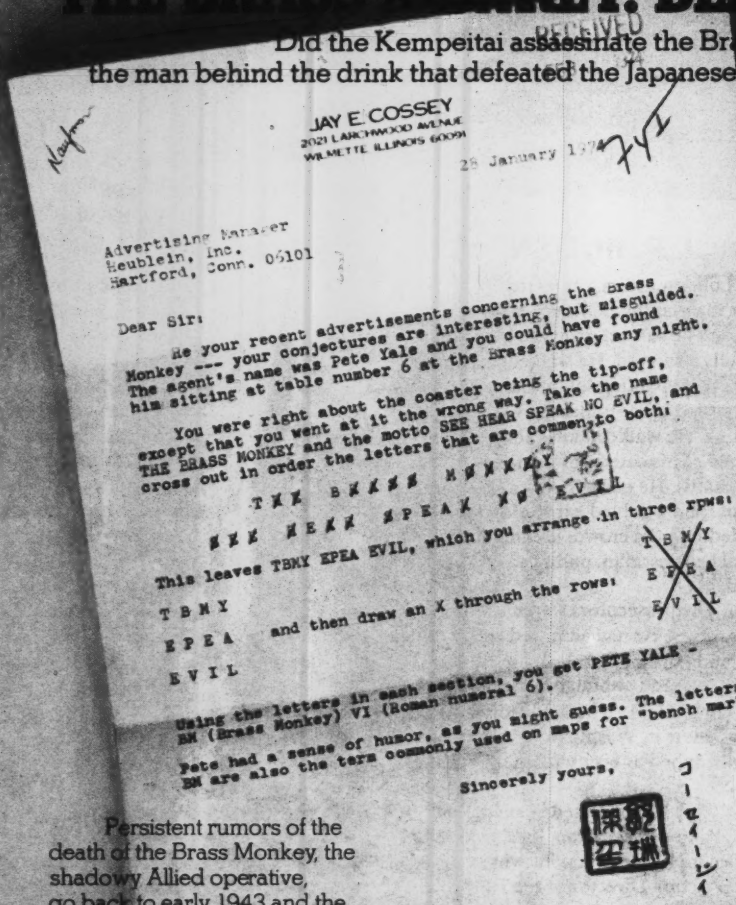
But before I can complete my well-rehearsed interrogation, the elusive lawyer is slamming the car door.

"I don't have any comment to make about anything you'd like to discuss with me, I don't care what the subject is," Gray tries to state firmly. A curt grin is pasted on his face, but his eyes look exceedingly tired and sad. "I haven't made any comments for a year and a half."

—By Fred Mann

THE BRASS MONKEY: DEAD OR ALIVE?

Did the Kempeitai assassinate the Brass Monkey, the man behind the drink that defeated the Japanese Secret Service in W. W. II?



JAY E. COSSEY
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WILMETTE ILLINOIS 60091

28 January 19[illegible]

Advertising Manager
Heublein, Inc.
Hartford, Conn. 06101

Dear Sir:

Re your recent advertisements concerning the Brass Monkey --- your conjectures are interesting, but misguided. The agent's name was Pete Yale and you could have found him sitting at table number 6 at the Brass Monkey any night.

You were right about the coaster being the tip-off, except that you went at it the wrong way. Take the name THE BRASS MONKEY and the motto SEE HEAR SPEAK NO EVIL, and cross out in order the letters that are common to both:

THE BRASS MONKEY
SEE HEAR SPEAK NO EVIL

This leaves TBMY EPEA EVIL, which you arrange in three rows:

T B M Y
E P E A
E V I L

and then draw an X through the rows:

Using the letters in each section, you get PETE YALE - BM (Brass Monkey) VI (Roman numeral 6).

Pete had a sense of humor, as you might guess. The letters BM are also the term commonly used on maps for "bench mark".

Sincerely yours,

Persistent rumors of the death of the Brass Monkey, the shadowy Allied operative, go back to early 1943 and the neutral port of Macao off the China Coast.

300,000 Chinese refugees crowded the town streets. Under cover of this chaotic situation, a "pipeline" was established from the Japanese-occupied mainland to the outside world. How long would it take the Japanese secret police, the dread Kempeitai, to discover that the route lay through H. E. Rasske's import-export warehouse? Why were they stepping up surveillance of Rasske's favorite drinking spot, the notorious Brass Monkey Club? And what was Pete Yale (recall his name from the international set?) doing on the scene?

Unlikely Warriors.

The Brass Monkey Club, as is well known, got its name from a small brass figurine in a niche by the door. The specialty of the house was a drink also called the Brass Monkey. It was much favored by those unlikely warriors, of many nationalities, whose weapons were quiet words, small gestures, scribblings on bar coasters—and whose armor was a convincing "cover." For a time, a businesslike truce was maintained. Then things began to happen.

One night, Kwo Suey Jay, the dependable Chinese busboy, failed to show up for work. His job was taken by a young Japanese.

A few nights later, the chanteuse Loyana was replaced—at the height of her popularity.

Not long after, on a crowded evening, an un-named American suddenly clutched at the back of his neck, rose, knocking over his table (number six) and ran into the traffic outside. The police report said he died from a needle dart.

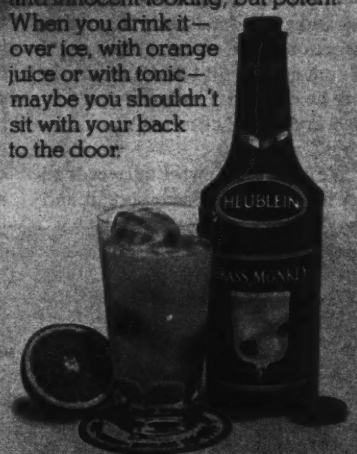
The "Man Who Never Came Back."

Who was it that died? Correspondent Cossey's analysis ties in with the disappearance of Pete Yale from the society columns of the day. Perhaps Yale had been buying time for our side. Cossey's reference to Yale in the past tense ("*had* a sense of humor...") suggests that the "Brass Monkey" sitting at table six was Pete Yale and not H. E. Rasske.

Apparently the Brass Monkey's work continued, because the officially reported "death by hara-kiri" of the section chief in Macao was interpreted as a salute to the better soldier.

What's A Brass Monkey?

It's an absolutely smashing drink made from a secret combination of liquors. Tasty, smooth and innocent-looking, but potent. When you drink it—over ice, with orange juice or with tonic—maybe you shouldn't sit with your back to the door.



THE BRASS MONKEY from HEUBLEIN

Heublein Brass Monkey® 48 Proof. Made with Rum, Smirnoff® Vodka and Natural Flavors © 1974 Heublein, Inc. Hartford, Conn. 06101

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PRESTONE

The making of a best seller

Notes on the story behind the publishing story of the year: Woodward and Bernstein's *All the President's Men*

By Philip Nobile

Robert Redford, producer and star of the forthcoming film of *All the President's Men*, has been on location in Washington soaking up loads of local color. He has shadowed Woodward and Bernstein (a.k.a. Woodstein), sat around the Washington *Post*'s city room and even grilled copy boys. This is in the finest tradition of method acting. Realism will be guaranteed.

But is Redford aware of the movie within the movie of *All the President's Men*? Has he spoken to Woodstein's agent and editor without whom there might not be any book and therefore no movie? What does he know about police reporter Al Lewis, who kicked off the *Post*'s Watergate coverage? Will he portray Woodstein's false start on the script or how they almost decided to call the project quits?

To compensate for the inevitable oversights in Redford's research, I submit these scenes on *All the President's Men* you will never see on the screen.

In 1968 literary agent David Obst was declared persona non grata by the government of Chiang Kai-shek. It was a case of sexual politics. Obst dropped out of college his freshman year and went to Taiwan to learn Chinese. There he fell in with a very young and very beautiful native girl. But the parents didn't appreciate the corruption of their daughter by a California surfer with no more than a high-school education. The state agreed and Obst was ordered off the island.

He landed in Chinese studies at Berkeley grad school. But the classroom faded swiftly as Obst started to push radical Vietnam news through his extracurricular activity—Dispatch News Service. He soon relocated in Washington. After Dispatch carried Seymour Hersh's My Lai exposé, Obst received a call from Tom Congdon, then of Doubleday and now editor in chief of Dutton. Did he have any book ideas? Lots. In fact, he had such fun packaging properties that he closed down Dispatch. Unrepresented Washington journalists began coming to him for advice on their proposals. After lucking into negotiating a $150,000 contract for Daniel Ellsberg in 1971, he was off. Literary power was lying naked in the streets of our nation's capital and Obst picked it up by accident. His elite corps of clients include Jules Whitcover, Brit Hume, Marvel Comics, the sons of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, The Washington Post Writers Group and the aforementioned Hersh and Woodstein. Business is so brisk in this one-arm operation (70 books contracted in two years) that three-fourths of all writer-supplicants are sent away.

When Obst was casting about for properties, Carl Bernstein happened to do a series on crooked career schools for the *Post*. Obst was impressed. He suggested a book on the same. Bernstein passed that one up, but recommended another story in the summer of 1972. He and his partner, Bob Woodward, were contemplating a Watergate book. This was several months before McCord's letter to Judge Sirica, the Haldeman and Ehrlichman resignations and the Ervin Committee confessions. Although they couldn't say so directly in the *Post*, they realized Nixonian ratfucking went further and higher than anyone in his right mind supposed. The soft stuff unfit for their newspaper could easily go in a book.

Obst, a tall, friendly, full-bearded fellow, who hazards white eagle tip shoes, recalls the primitive handling of *All the President's Men* with good humor. "There were only four editors in New York who could do the book right," he explains in his West Village sublet which doubles as an office when he's in town, "—Dan Okrent (then Knopf), Tom Congdon (then Doubleday), Ted Solataroff (Bantam) and Alice Mayhew (Simon & Schuster). I mentioned the book to the first three, but none said don't show the outline to anybody else. One editor at a smaller house offered $6,000 and guessed that no other publishers would touch the book.

"Then I went to Dick Snyder, Vice President of Simon & Schuster, because I knew he could make a quick decision and had Alice Mayhew. He was also the only one interested enough to go to Washington to see Carl and Bob."

But Snyder didn't leap. He returned to New York after lunch with the authors without committing himself. In the interim, Ken Rawson, editor in chief of McKay, surprised Obst with a solid $60,000 advance. Suddenly, the agent's game plan was falling apart. No big feelers from preferred publishers and now an awful temptation from the unseeded McKay. So he did something he had never done before or since: he begged. To wit: the following phone conversation between agent and Simon & Schuster's Snyder.

"Dick, you've got to buy this book. I've got an offer for $60,000."

"But I wasn't going to offer more than $50,000."

"I can't take a $10,000 cut. Make it $55,000."

"I want all rights."

"Okay."

"I'll call you back in five minutes."

"No, I'll call you." At that moment the agent was on the premises of Random House. When he called back, Snyder said: "Deal."

For Obst it was a terrible deal. No seasoned agent would have let Simon & Schuster walk away with all subsidiary rights. "I'd do it differently today," Obst admits, "but I just had a feeling this was the right thing to do then." Anyways, Woodstein covered nicely by giving him a

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Philip Nobile, a contributing editor of Esquire, *last reported for* NEW TIMES *on New York's literati.*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PRESTONE

piece of the $450,000 movie and the $1 million paperback.

Alice Mayhew plays literary hardball. Five years ago, a young journalist on her list seriously proposed a book on the bra. "You shouldn't write it," she remarked contemptuously, "and any editor who'd accept it shouldn't be in publishing." Ms. Mayhew, a graduate of Fordham ('58) and a *Commonweal* Catholic, regards her work sub specie aeternitatis—that is, no fooling around. Fortunately, this petite woman has the skills to back up the toughness. She and Woodstein were a dream team.

Lured away from Random House, where she edited *The Greening of America*, Mayhew has stocked Simon & Schuster with a pool of politically imposing authors like Michael Harrington, Richard Goodwin, Marcus Raskin, Richard Barnet, Robert Jay Lifton, Richard Falk and Philip Berrigan. She also godmothered *Our Bodies Ourselves*, a fast-selling, feminist whole health catalog. But her most splendid achievement is, and may always be, *All the President's Men.*

An informed source charges that Mayhew practically rewrote the entire text. That's not quite how she expresses it. Rather the three of them labored as a cooperative. This was Bob and Carl's first book and they were open to editorial help. Bob did a first draft of 700 pages. Carl followed that up with a 1,000-page version, incorporating parts of the original. Then Mayhew edited Carl's draft down about 40 percent. (Most of the autobiographical material was cast aside as unsuitable.) During a stormy last-ditch lockup in Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel last December, the authors gradually capitulated to her strong direction. Although Mayhew may have preferred a more analytical style, she is satisfied that *All the President's Men* is the best book Bob and Carl could have written. And they returned the compliment in the acknowledgments, expressing "appreciation and respect" to their editor "whose thought and guidance are reflected on every page."

Despite the long dry days of early Watergate, Ben Bradlee never considered replacing Woodstein with more experienced reporters. "They never had things to unlearn," he insists. "I don't mean to denigrate Carrol Kirkpatrick, our White House correspondent, but Carl and Bob had nobody to protect, nobody to live with afterwards—no kids, no wives, no pressures."

After Judge Sirica caught Woodstein tampering with grand jurors, they considered resignation. Would Bradlee have accepted? "Yeah," he laughs, "they considered resigning like they considered turning down the movie."

Except for the salty quotes, Bradlee is content with the book. He should be; he is Woodstein's greatest character. The actor who plays the *Post*'s executive editor will steal the movie just as Bradlee's personality steals the show in real life.

What will he do with the monster he's created after Watergate? "It would astonish me," he says, "if their abilities couldn't be channeled into something tremendous for this paper. Maybe they'll be beachcombers, I don't know. . . . One of the tenets in this business is that journalists belong in the audience and not on the stage. They've done damn well in that."

There isn't a Washington reporter who wouldn't trade his wife for the Pulitzer Woodstein won for the *Post*. Why then did a couple of nobodies walk off with the honors? "The typical excuse you hear from Washington correspondents," remarks ex-*Times*man Tony Lukas, "is that this was a story—a police matter—that they weren't equipped to break. It's an out for media biggies. 'Yeah, those guys did a good job, but we had other things to do.' The mega-politics reporters got suckered into other stories."

Alice Mayhew: plays literary hardball.

Richard Reeves, *New York* magazine's man in Washington, cites the self-image factor. "Name reporters don't go out and humiliate themselves. It's like selling bibles—getting doors shut in your face. 'God, I couldn't do that anymore.' But Woodstein did and they could probably do it again."

And where was the Washington bureau of the New York *Times* during Woodstein's march on Watergate? Too far behind, according to an anonymous *Times* reporter. "We couldn't write the stories they did with the sourcing they had. We held things we couldn't set in the paper." How come? "The *Times* isn't an initiator; it's a reactor. We had to be pushed into that story by the *Post*. They were ahead until the election, but we pulled ahead by April 1973 and stayed ahead."

Woodstein almost transcend professional criticism. Bringing down a government covers a multitude of journalistic sins. However, one journalist who had occasion to review their Watergate dispatches faults their past approach. "Over a period of ten months—from September 1972 to June 1973—they were very high and displayed a tendency toward overkill. Frequently, they would begin a story with sweeping statements of a *vast conspiracy* and then discount big claims inside. I once overheard Sy Hersh saying, 'Woodstein shouldn't reach that far with the facts.' "

Al Lewis could pass for a pharmacist. He has a pleasant unlined face that inspires complete and utter trust. Short, soft-spoken and now almost invisible in his late fifties, Lewis is not what he appears. Even Uri Geller wouldn't spot him for the *Post*'s crafty police reporter with 35 years on the District's scum-of-the-earth beat. Although history will remember him for Watergate, Lewis would rather talk about ex-D.C. Chief of Police Robert J. Barrett, who threatened to kill him in 1948 if he didn't lay off investigating his office. *Post* editors discreetly assigned Lewis to Europe where he caught the last plane on the Berlin Airlift, the first train back after the blockade was lifted and between rides witnessed the wedding of Aga Khan and Rita Hayworth in Cannes. So Watergate is not the only headline in his life. He merely put the *Post* way out front and Woodstein kept his lead.

Lewis was checking the names of the burglars at the Second Police District Headquarters Saturday, June 17, 1972, when the Acting Chief invited him to ride over to the scene of the crime. Under official cover he entered the DNC offices and stayed there all day while a pack of reporters were sequestered downstairs.

"After the D.C. police left and the FBI came in, I took off my jacket and sat down at a desk, pretending I was a Democratic worker. Then I found out what phones were tapped and drew a diagram of the entire suite, filling in what occurred in each office. And I was feeding this stuff to the *Post* over the phone."

Bob Woodward probably couldn't have brought that deception off, but he beat Lewis at his own game once. "When Bob was new at the *Post*, I took him out to interview a cop who was suspected of corruption. He showed us his income tax statement and claimed he was innocent. I tended to believe him. But while we were

driving back from the cop's house, Bob said: 'That son of a bitch is a crook if I ever saw one.' Within six months the cop turns states evidence. Watergate matured him, but he would have made it anyways. I'm not surprised about Bob, yet I can't figure out how Carl got through this without a big boo-boo. He managed to sneak into stories at the *Post*; noboby trusted him. There are officials in the Police Department who won't speak to Carl because he misquoted them or quoted off-the-record remarks. The rumor was that he was on the verge of being let go before Watergate.

"All during this thing information poured into the *Post*—to owners, editors, reporters, copy boys, etc.—and everything was funneled to them. The two unsung heroes are D.C. editor Barry Sussman and metropolitan editor Harry Rosenfeld, who cajoled, begged and directed them day and night. Bob and Carl know it and the people at the paper know it."

Woodward and Bernstein, a bit too modestly, say they despise the cult of the celebrity. They refuse every interview and personal appearance they can without breaching their contract with Simon & Schuster. Both want to stay on the reporter's side of the notebook.While the city room of the *Post* exploded in delight the day Haldeman and Ehrlichman passed away, Woodstein just wanted to be alone. Bernstein canceled a party he had coincidently scheduled for that very night lest he seem dancing on Nixon's grave. They sold their book to Robert Redford, they say, because he promised to emphasize the journalistic side of the story. They also demanded script approval and a share in aesthetic control—without which they would never have gone Hollywood.

Adhering to their crusade against unnecessary self-seeking and, ironically, coming on like Deep Throat himself, Woodstein denied me an interview on the record. They spoke for background only, that is, without direct quotation. However, both were the soul of cooperation when we met in Nora Ephron's East Side apartment one recent Saturday morning. (*New York* magazine contributing editor and Bernstein have been living together since last winter.) Bernstein was polishing off a breakfast of bagel, cream cheese and lox when Woodward arrived. The stereotypes prevail. The long wavy-haired Bernstein was dressed in a blue jersey and levis while Woodward's haberdashery of brown corduroys, blue sweater over blue button-down shirt hasn't changed since Yale. However, Ephron cautions that Carl is neither as right-on or Bob as straight as people imagine. During our "background" Woodward sat up straight and tried to proceed methodologically. Bernstein stretched out on cushions and tended to wander.

All the President's Men is nothing like the original outline. Woodstein planned a speculative-interpretive history of Watergate. The first chapter opened with Martha Mitchell crying, "John, John, where are you?" in the California motel where she got that famous shot in the ass. They had information on secret meetings in Key Biscayne when the break-in was approved. Woodward did a long chapter on Howard Hunt that *Playboy* unceremoniously rejected. There was also a chapter on security guard Frank Wills. But McCord's letter torpedoed the book in progress. Exclusivity was lost.

Woodward decided they had better stick to autobiography. What else could they do but tell *their* inside story? Bernstein was adamantly opposed. This approach would either be an ego trip or it would be perceived as such. Although Woodward distrusted the self-serving nature of memoirs, he was willing to gamble. He immediately wrote 110 pages that proved they could avoid the pitfalls of personal journalism.

For the moment, Woodward and Bernstein say they enjoy the luxury of team reporting and will continue to collaborate no matter what the assignment. Neither of them are wordsmiths, Bernstein says, so literature is not the issue. If Watergate disappeared tomorrow, they would be on the Patty Hearst case. According to rumor, Chappaquiddick was supposed to be their next worldshaker. Woodstein thought they might have an opportunity to obtain some new information on the event. Hints were received that Kennedy people would not be indisposed to the idea. But they didn't pursue the story because they felt wary about an "authorized" version.

Bernstein smarts at any gossip about his alleged pre-Watergate demise at the *Post*. He was never fired (and reinstated) and the switch to the Virginia beat after being featured on the "Metro" page, he argues, was hardly a demotion. Of course, his slow typewriter caused difficulties, but he didn't screw up sufficiently to deserve dismissal.

Woodward comments in Bernstein's defense that the *Post* has a cold, cold heart. The editors are fickle. He is appalled by the shallowness that requires reporters to produce headlines or perish. After two weeks of recent inaction, an editor told Woodward he'd have to send him back to cover dirty restaurants. Naturally, Woodstein are impervious to maltreatment by superiors, but Dick Cohen, the guy who broke the Agnew story and coauthored *A Heartbeat Away* with fellow *Post*man Jules Witcover, is doing obituaries now. It's a screwed-up institution, according to Bernstein, though it's the best daily newspaper to work for in the country.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JILL KREMENTZ

Simon & Schuster's Dick Snyder made the deal.

There is one thing so old as yesterday's newspaper—yesterday's star reporter. Neil Sheehan was, in effect, the Woodstein of the Pentagon Papers. But where is he now? On leave for the *Times* doing a book on John Paul Vann, a dovish Army colonel who quit the ranks and returned to Vietnam as a lowly AID official.

The posse of fame and glamour still trails Woodstein. Yet the Watergate game is not what it used to be. Seymour Hersh played a beautiful catch-up for the *Times*, and presently Deep Throat no longer delivers the incontrovertible goods of yesteryear. Sic transit gloria of daily journalism. ●

MOVIES

Sex be not proud

By Frank Rich

Although, like most of my fellow citizens, I spend fully 50 percent of my waking hours thinking about sex (a rough figure, of course, that fluctuates according to Watergate-related developments), I must say that I do not consider those afternoons and evenings spent at porn movie houses to be among the happiest of my life. Somehow fate has picked me out to suffer repeated indignations at the hands of our most ubiquitous cheap-thrill merchants. . . . And yet I don't want to give the wrong impression here—I don't want anyone to jump to what someone (not I) might call a heady conclusion—for though my reservoir of bitter disappointments in the seedy dark might appear to be large enough to defeat any number of wiser masochists, my pursuit of erotic ecstasy on the silver screen continues sporadically to this day. I'm always game for a good fuck film, provided it has received a strong endorsement from a friend I take to be a connoisseur of such entertainments or it has incited the acclaim of a box-office mob.

But, as I say, this willingness to put my money where my groin is by plunking down five bucks—pretty much the going rate for 75 minutes of celluloid flesh these days—has led me into some reasonably forgettable, and occasionally sticky, moviegoing. I once spent four hours of a sunny September afternoon at a theater in Richmond, Virginia, that was so grungy the old men in attendance didn't even bother to put newspapers or raincoats over their laps; I watched six out-of-focus shorts, of which I recall only one job featuring an ambidextrous forty-ish lady and the electric dildo she addressed as "Big Boy." One summer I wandered into a showing of *Without a Stitch* at a porn house located a stone's throw from Copenhagen's Tivoli Gardens. The star of that evening was a bespectacled, 15-year-old student who, refusing to heed a friendly audience's warning that he was about to sit on a seat spattered with vomit, stubbornly plopped himself down anyway—not to move for another two hours, presumably out of fear that an admission of error would compromise his dignity. More recently, I raced down to Times Square at midnight to catch the last New York showing of *The Cheerleaders*, an R-rated entry that a wise friend had called long distance to tout as "the greatest piece of filth you could ever hope to see in your life." I believed him, probably because the mere mention of the word "cheerleader" sets my telltale heart aflutter, but the movie was so soft-core I would rather have been watching those pep rallies of yore at which an observant eye might spot (or at least imagine) a pubic hair or two lingering beneath a pom-pom girl's panties. (I should add that the rest of the audience in the theater that night—a theater, by the way, that had in happier times been the glamorous home of elegant hit Broadway plays—felt otherwise; a cheering section in the balcony yelled out the word "Olé!" at every strategic opportunity. . . . What, I wonder, would George S. Kaufman and Cole Porter have made of this spectacle?)

One Aggie incarnation (Kim Pope) with friend (Erie Edwards) in Damiano's *Memories Within Miss Aggie*: who asked the dog to talk?

Just the same, these and other unpleasant episodes of the pornographic underside of my life have not been entirely for naught, for they have at least given me a set of critical standards by which I now know porn movies must be judged. Simply stated they are these: (a) there should be lots of sex, preferably involving a variety of attractive participants carrying out a number of acrobatic permutations of said activity; (b) there should be no story interrupting (a); (c) there should be no "redeeming social value" interrupting (a); and (d) the movie should be made in such a way that one can see clearly what is going on. Is this too much to ask? Evidently so, for I have yet to see a porn film that totally measures up to these dictates. The technical quality of most such movies, I've found, is so poor that they look as though they had been made in an outhouse during a total eclipse; others have leading players so unalluring that you'd probably turn them down if they showed up at your own house offering tricks or treats gratis.

Of course, I haven't seen everything, and at least one friend claims that last year's *Behind the Green Door* sent him reeling to the men's room for relief by the end of the very first reel. The Ivory Soap woman aside, what true eroticism I've found on the screen has generally turned up in regular movies made with something other than pure sex in mind—Salvatore Samperi's silly Sicilian comedy *Malizia* being the most recent example. As for the normal soft- and hard-core circuits of the theatrical underground, only two entries in recent years have come at all close to my leering ideal. One is Radley Metzger's *Score*, a

joyously mindless fable about two stunning and ambisexual couples who find marital bliss through partner-swapping in a quaint European hideaway. Shot in glossy *Vogue*-like color, *Score* may be the first soft-core porn film to add male-male pairing to the traditional menu of female-female and male-female (remember heterosexuality?) shenanigans. The only thing wrong with this heartily ecumenical Metzger opus, which has had scant release around the country to date, is the quarter hour of exposition in which we learn who the characters are (who the hell cares?) and what hang-ups they must overcome during the ensuing hour. As these things go, however, *Score* is so far above the norm I feel like a glutton for raising any discouraging words: just remember that when you go, it might be smart to arrive a little late.

The other near-gem among the limp parade of recent pop-porn is, need I say it, *Deep Throat*, a picture marred only by its monomaniacal pursuit of a single athletic endeavor and the debatable physical appeal of its much chronicled leading lady. On the other hand, Gerard Damiano, the movie's director, seemed to be going in the proper improper directions: the picture was easy on the eyes and didn't have much use for characterization, plot or morality. That's why, when Damiano's latest endeavor, **Memories Within Miss Aggie**, opened a few months back to orgiastic underground-press reviews and near-record box-office receipts, I thought it might be rewarding to go and take a peak. I must say now that I'm sorry I did.

Mr. Damiano reveals himself as the living proof of that old saw about a little knowledge being a bad thing. This director knows a little bit about Ingmar Bergman, a little bit about Hitchcock and a little bit about what freshman English students everywhere call "truth vs. illusion." The man who gave us *Deep Throat* is no longer content to ply us with sex; he must also give us his own personal vision of life, a worldview so banal that even Frank Perry (*Last Summer*, et al.) might consider him a lightweight. As the picture's title indicates, Miss Aggie is a lady (of about 50—or 40 or 60?—couldn't tell from the makeup job) with a number of things inside her, not all of which, regrettably enough, are appendages of other people's anatomy. "It's strange around here today," she tells us early on, as she bustles around the snow-covered, *Moon for the Misbegotten*-style cottage where she makes her God-forsaken home. "I feel like there's something hidden, about to come out. . . . Something strange has come over me." Indeed something strange has come over her (and other things, less strange, soon come over her as well); Miss Aggie, you see, is confused about her past. Every time she looks in one of the roughly five dozen mirrors that decorate her shack, she sees herself as a different woman—younger and with a variant hair color, accompanied each time by a different fellow with whom she loses her cherry. Now, which of these Aggies is the real one, pray tell? Only Bud Collyer, or whoever emcees *To Tell the Truth* on TV these days, could possibly care. I know I didn't, despite the fact that the real Aggie, in a gutsy bid for our attention, chooses to leap up at the climax and stab one of the heroes in the eye (on screen). To make matters worse, this precious bit of stagecraft leads to a grand finale that manages to rip off *Psycho* while somehow failing to reap the rewards of the plagiarism. Hitchcock's crowning surprise did not depend on his deliberately feeding us false information (i.e., casting an actress in the role of Tony Perkins' mom) throughout his film; Damiano, in lame contrast, cheats like crazy.

The point of this discussion, however, is that Damiano shouldn't be messing with any of this stuff at all. I don't care whether he's bright or dumb as long as he can keep a camera in focus and trot some engaging bodies before it. This he can and occasionally does do with flair in *Memories*—I especially liked an autoerotic sequence involving a corseted Aggie and a close-up of a man's finger circling the sea of flesh surrounding another Aggie's nipple—but for some reason the director feels compelled to take up most of our time with pretentious mumbles about finding our real selves, about obsessions and about how (in the words of one character) "most people make you into something else, what they want you to be." This pablum—which is augmented by quaint rural dialect and a proliferation of children's dolls about the set (one of which, sure enough, finds its way head-first into a female anatomical aperture)—is so intrusive that it becomes impossible to keep up one's interest or anything else. Though one middle-aged man behind me had the enviable knack of dozing off into a snoring slumber during all the film's meaningful parts while always rousing himself at those precise moments when the dirty episodes came on, I had to sit there and take it all in. My resentment built steadily: I was paying $5 to indulge Damiano's creative conscience—to let him prove that he is no

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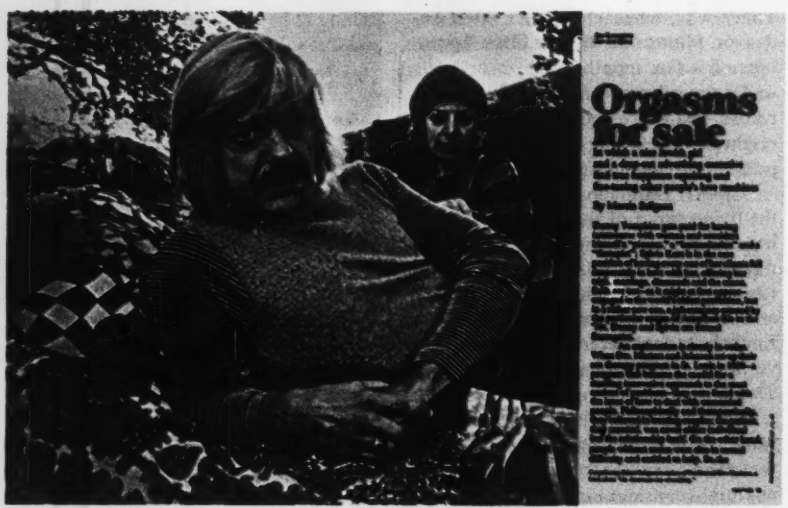

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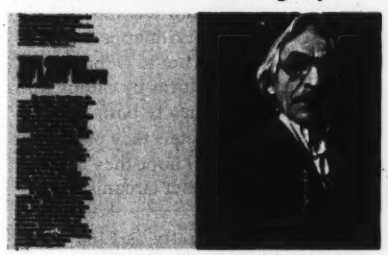

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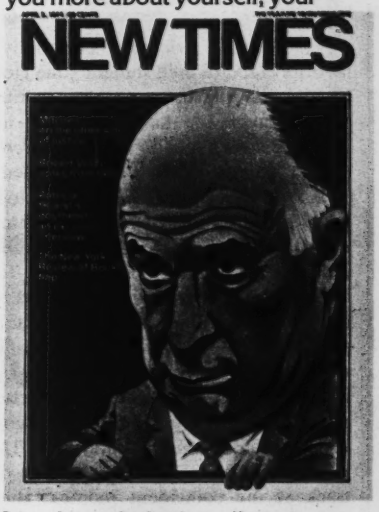

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abject flesh-peddler and that he, too, can make a movie as heavy and inane as, say, *Daisy Miller*. I guess we're supposed to be astonished by the sheer discovery that this man has a non-erotic thought, however ludicrous, in his head. And while it may well be true that if a dog talks, one shouldn't criticize his pronunciation—who asked this dog to talk? There wasn't a soul in the theater who had come to hear the maker of *Deep Throat* expound his metaphysical scheme; indeed I was the only one there who had followed the newspaper ad's demand that one see the picture from its actual beginning. I tell you, *Memories Within Miss Aggie* is likely to be my last venture into the valley of porn for a long, long time. A few more movies like this one and sex might even make a comeback in the home, where (who knows?) it may actually belong.

Michael Crichton, everybody's favorite Harvard med student gone Hollywood, is a most promising sci-fi writer who is much too lazy for his or his audience's own good. Like *Westworld* (which Crichton wrote and directed), **The Terminal Man** (which Mike Hodges wrote and directed from a Crichton novel) becomes progressively less interesting as it unwinds, finally settling for visceral shock effects when it should be dazzling us with further intellectual somersaults. Both movies start the same way (we learn of future technological devices meant to make the world a better place) and then spin off on the same tangent (said inventions screw up). The problem is that both movies also go off track at the coincident moment their futuristic appliances do: what follows in each case is nothing more than a prolonged demonstration of the bloody aftermath wrought by the mechanical malfunctions, chase scene following murder scene until the authorities reach their robot monsters and dismantle them (thus ending the movies). It's the old *King Kong* story with computers in place of the ape—a familiar roller-coaster ride rather than a tale of true suspense.

Oddly enough, *The Terminal Man* is a better movie than *Westworld*, even though its featured robot is far more mundane. This judgment is directly attributable to the vast gap that separates Crichton and Hodges as directors, for while the former made his project look like a TV quickie, the latter (who was also responsible for a top-notch but intermittently distributed Michael Caine thriller, *Get Carter*, awhile back) turns *The Terminal Man* into a fastidious exercise in style. As the title character, a violence-prone individual with a regulatory computer implanted in his brain (George Segal, as good an eye-roller as anyone, I guess), goes haywire, Hodges takes us on a tour of a futureland conceived entirely in blacks, whites and greys. (The movie has been shot in color, which adds icing to the chill.) Even television screens, in this filmmaker's version of 1984, are black-and-white—as are all household furnishings, most skies and the comic books an armed guard reads at his post. The major characters, most of whom are doctors, fit into the scheme by walking around in evening dress and speaking in whispers, looking for all the world like creepy specters out of Paul Delvaux or maybe Charles Addams. This crackerjack imagery cannot, of course, camouflage the fragility of the movie's structural design (any more than Crichton's ultimate philosophical endorsement of man over machine can), but Hodges' effects do contribute to some nifty sequences along the way—among which I count a bathroom-shower bit that wittily confounds our race memory of *Psycho*, but not a gruesome operating-room scene that serves only to fill time and perhaps empty a few stomachs.

George Segal with doctor Joan Hackett in Hodges' *The Terminal Man*.

Screwy is the only word that can accurately describe **The Gravy Train**, an utter mess of a movie that somehow manages to include some hilarious jokes within its figurative and literal rubble (an endless final sequence unfolds in an about-to-be-demolished building). Screenwriters David Whitney (a pseudonym for Terrence Malick) and Bill Kerby—the respective authors of two movies I liked a lot, *Badlands* and *The Last American Hero*—never make us care about their two heroes, coal-mining brothers from West Virginia who decide to go to the big city and get their share of the "American dream"; such dramatic embellishments as a Brinks truck heist and some gruesome deaths add nothing to the project but enormous inconsistencies of tone which neither the writers nor the sloppy director, Jack Starrett, can begin to resolve.

Frederic Forrest, as the dumber of the two Dehon brothers (Stacy Keach is the other, and I'm tiring of his high, wide and handsome hick routine), does bring some kind of wacky new dimension to a role that has been played effectively in the past by people like Michael J. Pollard, Scott Wilson and Keith Carradine. He's well-meaning to a fault, a little mean and often painfully self-aware. When he makes a grand exit from his mining job by breaking the windows of the foreman's office, he turns to his brother and mutters conspiratorially, "Hey, y'know, tomorrow they're all gonna be talkin' about how I done that." "Uh-huh," is his mentor's considered reply. . . . After awhile—and through circumstances I couldn't explain if I tried—Forrest becomes quite smitten over one Margot Kidder, a weird lady who joins up with the Dehons to help them rescue some kidnapped greenbacks. Forrest likens her to Debra Paget, a compliment she returns by calling him "a crazy person." They're both wonderful, even if the characters they play don't make any sense, and I hope they'll return soon in somewhat tidier circumstances.

Gifted and crafty as Lina Wertmuller is, it's not entirely clear at this point that she is a filmmaker to the manner born. Like *Love and Anarchy*, the movie which introduced her to American audiences a couple of months ago, **The Seduction of Mimi**, an earlier film that is now going into release here, lacks that striking sense of vision which signals the presence of a natural artist. Granted, these are high standards by which to judge any director's work—but Wertmuller strives so hard, and at times achieves such splendid results, that it's difficult not to ask for more.

The sometimes strained quality of her creative efforts shows up to a much greater extent in *Mimi* than in *Anarchy*—perhaps because the idea behind the project (the title character, a Sicilian worker, gradually sells out his Marxist ideals) is intrinsically less novel, perhaps because she's a little unsure of how to handle comedy; the striking theatrical touches that augment the florid ambiance of the later film reappear now and then during the farcical sequences of this one, often moving the action beyond the pale of humor and into the realm of noisy hysteria. While there are some lovely tableaux (a bevy of Sicilian men, all dressed in Sunday finery, go to a friend's house to hear his defense against

accusations of homosexuality), the director's most elaborate set-piece, in which her dashing hero seduces a middle-aged fat lady for malicious purposes, goes on far too long. Not content to overextend what is essentially an old gag, Wertmuller also insists on overselling it—an effect she achieves by employing fancy lenses and a cheap internal joke involving a toy doll.

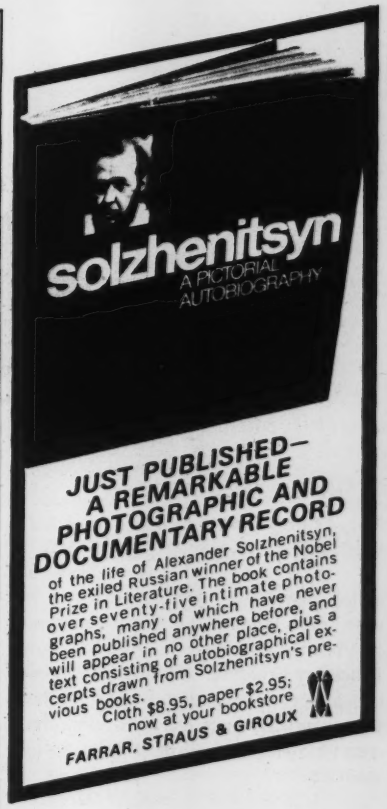
Mimi is played by Giancarlo Giannini, the half-crazed and physically hideous would-be Mussolini assassin of *Anarchy*, and the most fascinating aspect of *Mimi* is easily its revelation of this actor's extraordinary range. Affecting a cigarette holder and a sly, petulant manner, he is as much at home in the kind of rebellious rake role that used to be the exclusive property of Marcello Mastroianni as he is characterizing a misfit. Mariangela Melato, the charismatic Jean Harlow-esque whore of *Anarchy*, is also on hand as Giannini's illicit but innocent mistress. In what is probably the picture's best scene, she's ready at last to confess her love to the hero and takes him home to the airy, yarn-strewn loft where she knits the garments she peddles for a living. As she opens her heart to him, her eyes shift and flutter warily—she's too insecure to let them land conclusively on the object of her affections—and her hands wring unfathomable knots in the kleenex she holds to wipe her eyes. It's a stirring moment—one that confirms my belief that the emergence of these two actors is one of the genuinely exciting developments of this movie year. As for Wertmuller, she had the good sense to cast them, not once but twice; for that reason and others, there's ample excuse to hope that her truly shining hours as a filmmaker may well yet come.

Uptown Saturday Night is a fizzy title for an all-star black farce that, while flashy and funny from time to time, frequently seems as flat as yesterday's Champale. It shouldn't have turned out this way, for this is a picture with an honest-to-God dream cast; high-spirited people like Bill Cosby, Richard Pryor, Harry Belafonte, Calvin Lockhart, Paula Kelly and Flip Wilson leap and jive their way through screenwriter Richard Wesley's story with such obviously pleasurable abandon one practically pants to be let in on their fun.

What stands between us and them, unfortunately, is the considerable presence of Sidney Poitier, the picture's star as well as its director. In front of the camera, he insists on delivering another one of his portraits of an archetypal goody-gumdrop; behind it, he never takes enough command of the material to give it sufficient spark or pace. The title notwithstanding, *Uptown Saturday Night* fails to deliver the jazzy, lowdown, high-stepping ambiance one craves and expects. With the notable exception of an early sequence set in a Playboy-mansion-like after-hours gambling-sex joint, the movie forsakes the night for dreary daytime settings in an anonymous American city of no particular character.

The film's plot—which involves mistaken identity, satirical ghetto gangsters, some questionable diamonds and a missing lottery ticket—serves mainly to remind one of such better and funnier movies as Billy Wilder's *Some Like It Hot*, George Roy Hill's *The Sting*, Blake Edwards' Inspector Clouseau movies (as well as his *The Party*) and Stanley Kramer's *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*—the latter being a work that Poitier explicitly recalls in his closing hospital scene as well as in his appropriation of the worst aspects of Kramer's pictorial style. Given the normal run of cinematic *déjà vu*, this is a fairly harmless variety. If you can sit tight, you might well enjoy Pryor's bit as a manic private eye questing to be a "super nigger" of the Shaft variety, Belafonte as a godfather-type with a prediliction for nasal spray and drag disguises, and Roscoe Lee Browne as an unctuous Uncle Tom congressman who throws a dashiki over his Brooks Brothers suit every time some "poor brother" shows up at his district office.

A Free Woman, director Volker Schlondorff's film about a newly divorced Munich housewife's attempt to strike out on her own as she approaches 30, suffers fatally from a case of rhetorical overkill. As heroine Elisabeth (Margarethe von Trotta) struggles to find a job commensurate with her high intelligence and fights child-custody laws stacked in favor of fathers, one comes to feel that her burden is to act out each and every injustice her society inflicts on women; in this way, *A Free Woman* manifests the understandable but hardly engrossing growing pains of an entire social moment. The movie also compounds its failure to enlighten us about human behavior by its recounting of attitudes and situations common to rather non-revolutionary American movies. The heroine's one-note jerk of an ex-husband might as well be played by Richard Benjamin, so true is he to that actor's now overfamiliar caricature of the male pig; when Elisabeth goes on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a business trip to Milan with a corpulent, drunken boss who tries to take advantage, it's hard not to think of Joan Crawford and Wallace Beery in *Grand Hotel,* which, after all, was only made in 1932.

Schlondorff's keen eye for humorous detail—whether he's photographing dirty dishes in a sink, the earnest paces of a tap-dancing class or some Japanese businessmen let loose at a trade fair—keeps the film from becoming quite as tedious as it often threatens to be. There's also some consolation to be had from von Trotta's performance. This actress, also the director's wife and screenplay coauthor, is ingratiating in the best Shirley MacLaine tradition, so credibly freewilled from the first instant we meet her that one is far more annoyed by the dogmatic bromides than by the men who frustrate her at every turn.

BOOKS

Captain almost comes through

By Geoffrey Wolff

About Harry Towns *by Bruce Jay Friedman.* Alfred A. Knopf (180 pp., $5.95).

His first novel was a knockout called *Stern,* and everybody loved it, wise guys laughed at it and eminent greybeards endorsed it. And by now Bruce Jay Friedman must despise it, because every novel and play and story that he has written since has been measured against *Stern,* and all have been found wanting.

If *Stern* was surreal, *A Mother's Kisses* was merely rowdy and *The Dick* kinky. If *Stern* perfectly located Jewish-American self-doubt, fine-tuning faint broadcasts of humiliation and aggression into a subtle man's headset, *A Mother's Kisses* was raucous pop music, Top Twenty kid stuff, cute and catchy, the kind of Jewish number goys can tap a foot to. And *The Dick,* freaky and nasty, slamming readers up against the wall, ripping off their laughs at gunpoint, was your standard model Black Comedy, with chrome aplenty but no juice beneath the hood.

Whatever reviewers might say about his other work, they all sued their readers to try *Stern.* And Friedman, unable to shake the shadow of that first, best creature, must have gnashed his teeth. He also must have learned a thing or two along the way, because *About Harry Towns* is a fine, finished work, humane and grown-up, written with the same fastidious accuracy that made *Stern* such an ornament to mimicry, an authentic advance for this gifted inventor.

There are six chapters, and most if not all have been published in *Playboy, Harper's* and *Esquire.* Writers at work on novels, especially writers capable of attracting the nice money available from mass circulation magazines, sometimes fall victim, like common folk, to a gap on the downside between income and the cost of necessaries. In such hard times common folk find work, but prominent writers cut off a piece of beef. To cut off a piece of beef is to break off a chapter here, and then a chapter there. When this happens the integrity of the work entire is often disturbed, because chapters, unlike short stories, are like human organs, vital to life but incapable of living; to let them live in the land of *Playboy, Harper's* or *Esquire* it is tempting to clone each chapter as it's broken off its rib, to translate each chapter into a miniature of its parent organism or, for those who have seen *Sleeper,* to wizard some noses into some bogus presidents.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL KREMENTZ

Bruce Jay Friedman: perfect timing and a smooth delivery.

Each chapter here stands apart from its surrounding chapters, but whether form followed function or function followed form doesn't much matter: the six parts modify one another, and resonate, and double back on material already experienced so as to suggest in a very brief book the expansiveness of a saga. The settings—hotel rooms in Los Angeles and Las Vegas and Brawley, Arizona, and a chrome and glass apartment high, high up a New York high-rise—remain constant. Each chapter performs different lighting: now the furniture is shown off, now the bed is a stage or circus ring, now the ringmaster Harry Towns is seen from above looking low or from below towering or from head-on X-rayed, seen right through.

Harry Towns is in his forties, separated from his wife, trying sometimes almost hard enough to be a proper father to his 12-year-old boy (while he fights off the crabs), to be a proper son to his dying father and mother, to support and then beat a costly coke habit, to tell the truth to himself about himself, to run away from the truth about himself, to maintain. About the only thing Friedman won't show about Towns is his work as a screenwriter: it's given but not proved; Towns could as believably be the editor of *New Times* as what he's said to be.

But if one or two of Towns' characteristics have merely been sketched, none have been smudged or faked. His mother dies, and then his father, and these twin events, at the center of Friedman's book and Towns' life, are as exact and nobly executed as anything Friedman has yet done. His mother goes first, after radiation treatments. Towns' father hates the cold: "The radiation made her yearn for cold air, so Towns' dad laid there next to her all night with great blasts of bedroom air-conditioning showering out on the two of them. . . . For forty-five years, they had cut each other to ribbons; they had done everything but fight a duel with pistols. Yet he led her gently into death, courtly, loving, never letting go of her hand, in some kind of old-fashioned way that Towns didn't recognize as going on anymore."

It is Towns' burden, choice and perhaps pleasure to recover what little is left of such old-fashioned decency. Having spent himself on such nibshit gratifications as stewardess-hunting and fantasized humanity ("He was almost doing

a great many things. . . . He was Captain Almost "), he tries to get to the nut of things, finally, "to stop the shit. To pare himself all the way down to something clean. To get rid of everything and find out once and for all if there was anything clean to get down to."

In a hard-won, clean decision, he learns by book's end that try as he might *once and for all* was not to be his or anyone's, at least not in this world. So he settles out of court: he'll be hospitable to risks, "try like hell not to get hit with a brick. Treat each human being he came across with generosity—until such time as he found reason not to. That last one was vital to Harry Towns. And it didn't mean falling all over people, either.

"He felt that if he made a strong effort to do each of these things, he had a chance of coming out all right. In Vegas terms, he was even tempted to give himself a slight edge."

For my money this hangs out across the tracks from soap opera, in a classy neighborhood (though at least one of the chapters goes slumming at the end), and in its nakedness it surely runs risks. Just as Philip Roth has abandoned the cartoon mother, Sophy Portnoy, in his new novel, so has Friedman abandoned his, and her kisses, for a more complicated piece of clockwork with a less flashy case. Right down the line he resists the gags that come to him so easily and sometimes so disastrously, and when he tries here for a laugh he tries gently, almost sadly, though his timing—from the school of Mike Nichols and Elaine May rather than the roughhouse of stand-up spritzers from the Jewish Alps—is perfect and his delivery is smooth.

With his wife he's off and on and off again. Between times she asks him to take her to dinner: "She seemed very nervous and got a piece of salad stuck in her throat. He helped her by slapping her on the back and the salad piece finally went down, but it pretty much blew the dinner for her."

So there's the book's matter, homely but precisely selected; and there's its manner, slangy, with the rhythms of spoken rather than written prose. And there's its vision: absurd (but no longer grotesque), a mix of motives, generous.

TV

Cinema interruptus

By Stuart Werbin

Brothers and sisters of Television Land. I come to you today with an urgent sense of purpose. Each and every one of us is suffering from a modern neurosis so disorienting that rather than confront it we succumb to the tyranny and force our systems to adjust to it. Sure we complain about it, curse what it does to us, even spit into the eye of the tube to demonstrate our outrage. Yet we feel so helpless in the face of the seeming inevitability of this plague upon our stability and comfort that we let our stomachs carry the weight of cathode poisoning rather than muster up the righteous collective strength to DEMAND "A Better Way." The ailment of which I speak is called Cinema Interruptus (CI). Sometimes it can attack with such viciousness that it leads one to the brink of vomit and worse. This happened to me recently.

I was home in bed with my television, a sometimes georgeous need-fulfilling lady whom I like to call Sylvania. She had me in a trance. Sylvania was pulling me deeper and deeper into Elia Kazan's film of *East of Eden*. She was teasing me a little, revealing glimpses of Jo Van Fleet, Raymond Massey and even James Dean. With each movement, Sylvania was drawing us both closer and closer to a climax. It was Dean's scene. The one and only recorded moment from his legacy in which that ever-present compressed energy that made James Dean James Dean is allowed to erupt. Dean is eye to eye with his stone-faced father, Massey, who is about to totally reject the gift that Dean felt would ease the taut estrangement they have suffocated behind since his birth. Massey's action will make Dean crack. Dean will explode. Sylvania and I are merged and like one. Dean smashes his hand down on a desk. Every molecule in his face is expressing something he can no longer control, the orgasm is a lost moment away and then psssst. Sylvania goes cold on me. I look into her eye and Dean has disappeared, replaced by a central casting housewife rushing from

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her ironing to answer the phone. The housewife realizes that while she has been on the phone, the burning iron has collided with its board, turning her favorite blouse into a frazzled synthetic stink bomb. The housewife's hand clutches her temples to hold in the agony while a voice from nowhere promises her that if she takes a trip to the local pharmacy to purchase a bottle containing a mass-produced aspirin containing a secret mass-produced ingredient, her hands will float away from her temples and the ringing of a phone will sound like a sparrow's chirp.

Do you get that message fellow videots? Are you following my flow? We could go on and exchange tales of Cinema Interruptus and share the emotional jangle it has put each of us through. But rather than indulge in this malaise, I come to you as an investigator who has searched for, and now wants to offer, the flickering vision of uninterrupted light which appears to be generating at the far end of the long, dark tube.

The first place that needed to be investigated was the Gateway Downtown Hotel in Newark, New Jersey. It was there in June of 1971 that a company called Computer Cinema, which is funded by Time Inc., installed the first pay TV systems in hotel rooms. My plan was to start my 1974 Memorial Day weekend by registering at the Gateway, let the bellhop carry my notebook up to my room, tip him, lie down on the bed, call room service and order them to turn on one of the two feature offerings, *A Clockwork Orange* or *Magnum Force*. This would not have been difficult because downtown Newark is not the kind of place where one has problems getting reservations over Memorial Day weekend. However, it would have been stupid because downtown Newark is not the place one wants to be during Memorial Day weekend. And since Computer Cinema currently services over 50,000 rooms in 11 cities, including 9,000 rooms in New York City, it made a lot more sense to go visit my friend, "the world's greatest rock and roll impresario," who was staying at the St. Regis on 5th Avenue.

After opening a bottle of the world's most expensive almond brandy, "the world's greatest rock and roll impresario" picked up his phone and said, "This is Brandt in 931. Give me *A Clockwork Orange*."

And so on it went, right at the beginning of the scene in which Malcolm McDowell rapes and murders a bitchy bourgeoise with a penis sculpture the size of a Honda. From there it ran to the end of the "R" version of Kubrick's dark vision, paused for about the same amount of time it would take to clear a movie theater and then started all over again. For the pleasure of letting Computer Cinema pump its goods into his room, the St. Regis added an extra $3 charge to "the world's greatest rock and roll impresario's" bill. The $3 price (of which 10 percent goes to the hotel) varies by 50¢ (up and down) in the 11 cities. Continuous service runs up to 23 hours (i.e., New York) and is never less than 12 at any location.

The expansion from Newark's Gateway to 50,000 rooms in three years is a proud accomplishment for Computer Cinema. It does not make a profit yet, nor was it expected to by Time Inc. However, "the prime objective," according to Mike Heiss of Computer Cinema, "is to get into the home." The electronic

Werbin and paramour.

means to that end will demand using the cable systems already established in the areas surrounding the homes they plan to pump themselves into. Computer Cinema thinks that people who want to watch uninterrupted movies in their homes will want to pay for them one at a time, like they do at theaters and are learning to do in hotel rooms. That's why they are operating. Time Inc. is not sure, and that's why they are also supporting (to the tune of over $3 million a year) an alternate system called Home Box. The Home Box company offers cable subscribers in select areas a piece of hardware to attach to their converter that supplies additional programming, including a choice supply of regularly scheduled films free from Cinema Interruptus. Presently, Home Box operates over 22 eastern cable systems, offering at least three new films a month, and recently pushed up to seven and eight as well as repeats. Each film runs eight times for overlapping two-week periods. The repeats are films that subscriber requests and Trendex readings indicate deserve encores. *Godspell* has had eight encores. Other hits have included *Save the Tiger, Frenzy* and *Emperor of the North Pole*.

The Public Broadcasting System has long been showing uninterrupted "art" films that were passed over by the commercial networks. Similar packages (i.e., Bergman and Chaplin festivals) have played without interruption to regular cable subscribers in many markets. Channel Z in Los Angeles has just started showing first-run films for special subscribers. Special means you pay more. John Barrington, Home Box's V.P. for P.R., estimates that his company will be operating over the Time Inc.-owned Sterling System in Manhattan by the fall. Peter Hess, the new program director for TelePrompter, has a series of 13 new films (*Travels with My Aunt, Westworld, Shaft in Africa*) for which he is trying to sell commercial time. Hess feels that regular cable programming should try to pay for itself, but he guarantees that no film will be interrupted more than once every 26 minutes and hopefully not more than once every 52 minutes. This would soothe but not cure Cinema Interruptus. Ideally, Hess would like to convince sponsors to place ads only before and after the films. Realistically, the problems of getting advertisers to buy time on cable at all is difficult enough without convincing them to break established patterns.

If Hess does succeed it won't be the first time it has happened in New York; it would be the second.

WOR-TV, a local VHF (Channel 9) station in New York, has been running Cinema Interruptus-free flicks once every three months for the past three years. The idea originated with Ave Butensky, an account executive at the Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample ad agency, who had the job of introducing Bounty Paper Towels to New York. WOR agreed to run some kind of uninterrupted programming with one commercial before and one commercial afterward if Bounty would buy additional ad time on other nights. Butensky went to the station's film library and found Lord Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet*. And that was his inspiration. It is also my inspiration to end this column. A cure for Cinema Interruptus? Is it to be or not to be? That is a question not of whether it be more noble but rather of whether it be profitable.

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Adieu to the MJQ

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Gary Giddons

With institutions crumbling right and left, the Modern Jazz Quartet chose to disperse not with an undignified, cacophonous bang, but rather a muffled sigh, like a last faint chorus of "Django" stitched in silvery counterpoint. After 22 years, the MJQ is calling it quits: a final tour of Australia, July 3–17, and the most pulsating of chamber groups will quietly resign itself to history.

The moment of dissolution is not without irony. Were it not for the present resurgence of jazz interest, the four members might have felt less secure in making the leap. Moreover, the end comes shortly after the death of Ellington—many comparisons have been drawn between those two long-lived organizations.

In the '50s, the MJQ was much touted for the dignity it brought to jazz—by people who apparently thought jazz was lacking dignity. It seems silly now, but in the Eisenhower years you could buy dignity for the price of a tuxedo, soft-spoken introductions and a manicured presentation. Critics likened the band's lean, frequently somber image to a morticians' convention or a rent-a-tux ad, but the MJQ proved its point. It brought jazz to the Mozarteum in Salzburg and even today, the Steinway catalog doesn't choose to boast of any other jazz ensemble.

Always professional (they had self-imposed fines for lateness) and musically consistent, they demanded the same respect from others. On one occasion, the MJQ arrived at a midwestern college to be met with a battered, untuned piano. John Lewis played a few chords and promptly refused to perform. Campus authorities reluctantly agreed to let him play the precious instrument reserved for any academic hack who could master a Bach prelude.

Bach was a major influence on the MJQ. The genesis of the band began in 1946, when pianist John Lewis, vibraharpist Milt Jackson and drummer Kenny Clarke were working together in Dizzy Gillespie's orchestra. With Percy Heath added on bass, the quartet first recorded under the MJQ sobriquet in 1952. Lewis, who chose the name and was the musical director, realized that modern jazz was leading to a cul-de-sac of theme/improvisations/theme. He found an alternative in the melodic counterpoint and unruffled dynamics of J.S. Bach. There's probably nothing coincidental about their last record being *Blues On Bach*. The blues, of course, was the predominant influence.

left to right: Jackson, Kay (top), Lewis, Heath

In 1955 Clarke was replaced by Connie Kay, and the personnel remained constant ever since. The achievement of the MJQ logically followed from the unique qualities of its members. Connie Kay came to the group (on one day's notice) with experience ranging from Lester Young to anonymous backbeating on rock 'n roll sessions. A reticent drummer, the MJQ allowed him to refine his sense of textures and colors while keeping a firm but never imposing beat. His traps are an orchestra of cymbals, tom-toms, timpani and chimes. The chimes look like bronzed bagels on a pole rising from the bass drum. He calls it a sound tree.

Percy Heath's impeccable time and touch established him as one of the most reliable of bassists. A bebopper by orientation, with a bebopper's virtuosity, his considerable solo abilities usually took back seat to his firm strength as an accompanist. Sometimes a lackluster MJQ performance would come to life over his resonant authoritative tone.

The band's major soloist was Milt Jackson, one of the greatest of improvisors and a profound influence on younger musicians. He brought sanctified, church-rooted blues to the MJQ. Some of his blues compositions are classics, like "Bags' Groove," "The Cylinder," "The Legendary Profile" and the poignant "Blues in C Minor." He has a large audience anxious to hear him blow without the strictures of the MJQ. His creative resources are seemingly without limit.

John Lewis, a distinctive pianist and an important composer, was the central intelligence behind the quartet. Like Count Basie before him, he can play gut-wrenching blues with only a few unemotional notes and politely dissonant chords placed just behind the beat. Although the instrumentation might have made the MJQ tiresome long ago, Lewis varied their material constantly, using strings and horns, inviting guests to jam and carefully programming albums and concert performances. His works include "Django," "Concorde," "Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West," "Little David's Fugue," "Three Little Feelings" and one of the most effective of movie scores, "Odds Against Tomorrow."

With the door to a generation's creativity closing behind them, the future holds possibilities which may unleash talents only hinted at before. Perhaps Lewis will now figure out how to make the symphony orchestra work for jazz. In any case, the MJQ is part of the past: long live John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath and Connie Kay. ●

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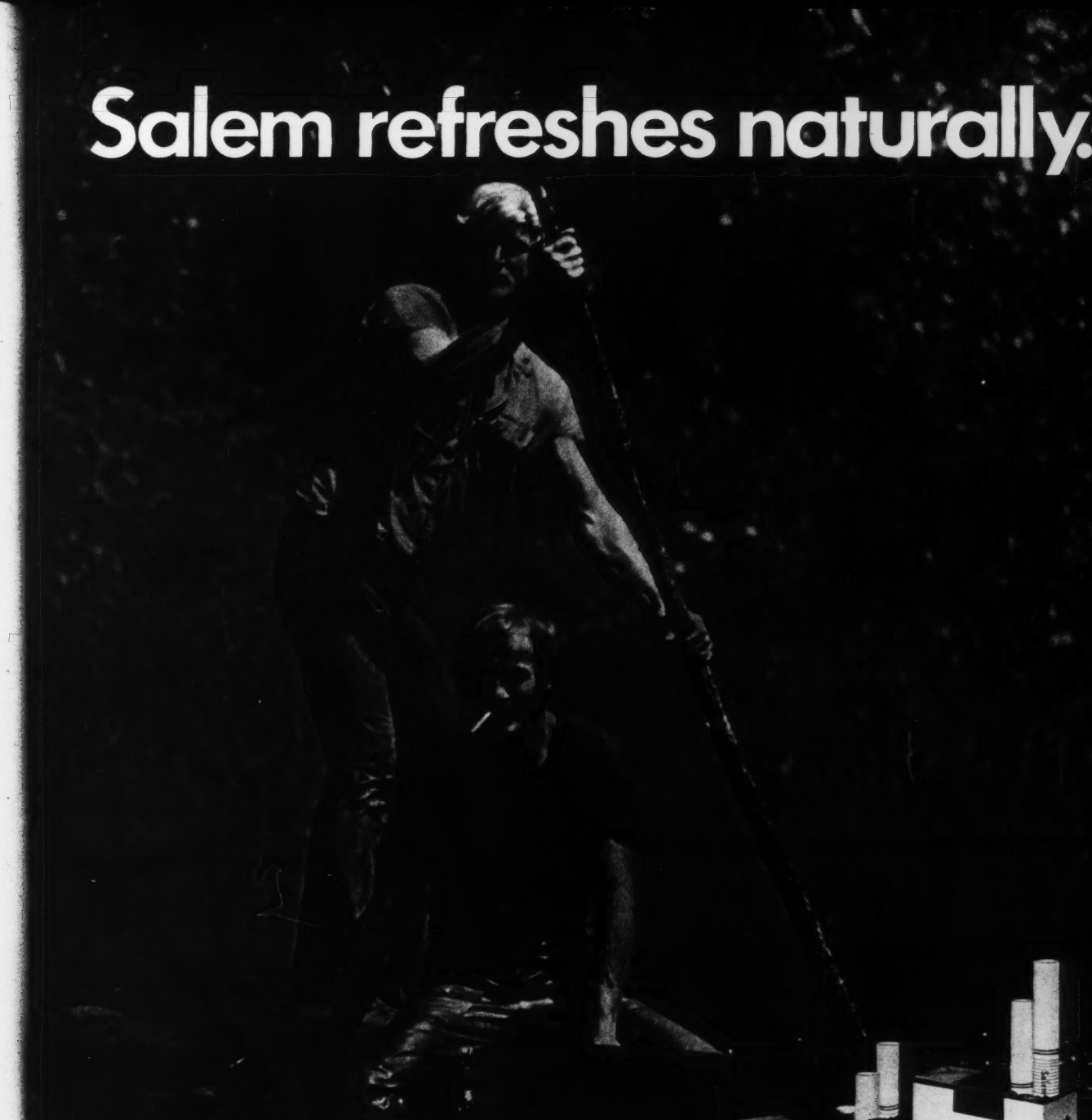

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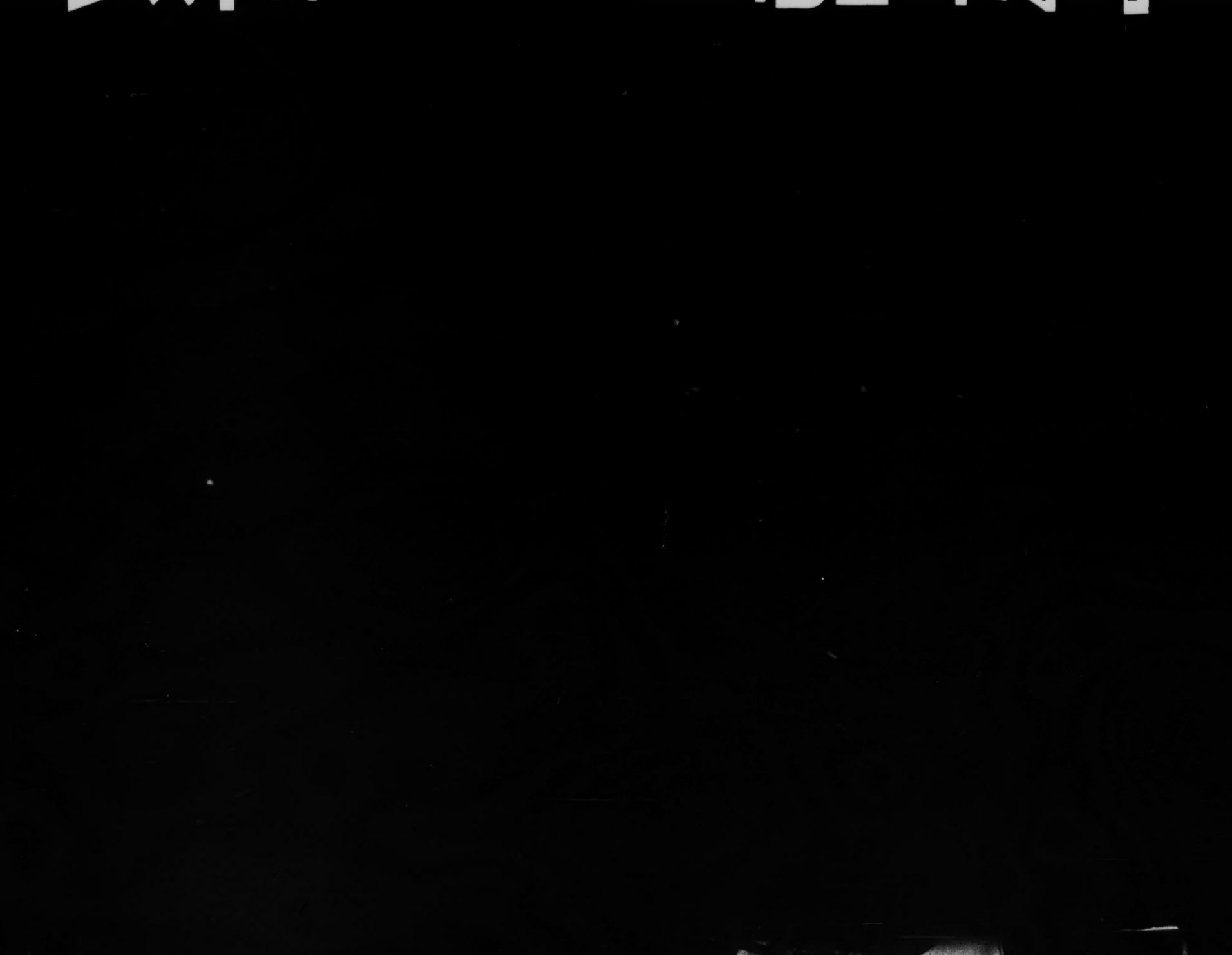
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